SALON

OF

1899

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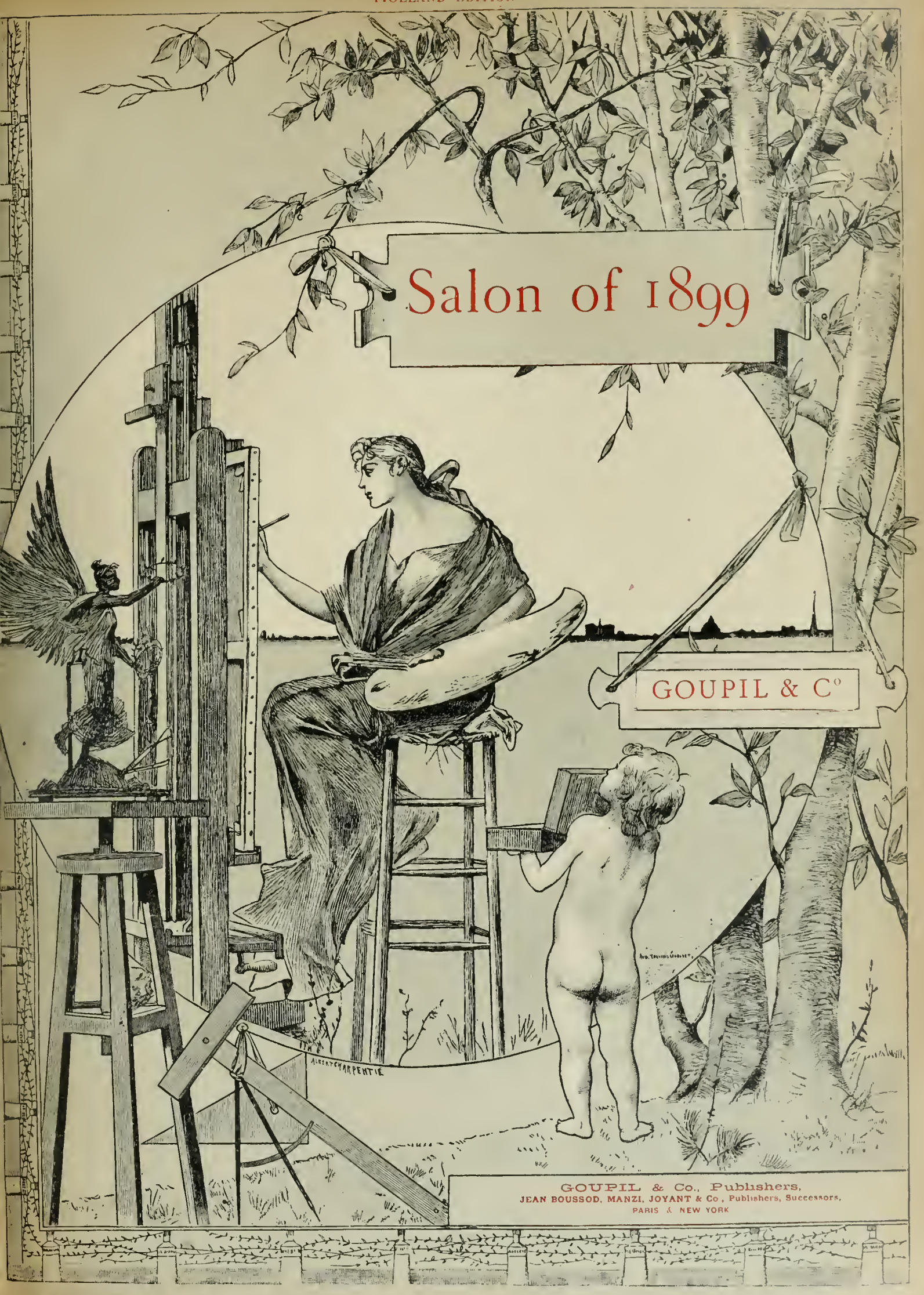

SALON OF 1899

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With text in English, translated by CLARENCE WASON

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N° 45

Mme J. ROMANI

Mina da Fiesole

SALON OF 1899

ANTONIN PROUST

GOUPIL'S

PARIS SALON OF 1899

One Hundred Plates—Photogravures

AND

ONE WATER COLOR FAC-SIMILE

BY

GOUPIL & C°

With text in English, translated by CLARENCE WASON

GOUPIL & C°

ART PUBLISHERS

JEAN BOUSSOD, MANZI, JOYANT & Co.

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H. HARPIGNIES.

The Close of a Beautiful Day — Souvenir of Herisson.

SALON OF 1899

THE SALON

PAINTING.

At the close of the Salon of the Society of French Artists, last year, its President, M. John Paul Laurens, member of the Institute, made some strong and sound remarks. He protested against the amount of wall space given to amateur artists.

The warning has not been heeded ; the amateur studios have called into the field this year an army that has besieged the jury with more compact forces than those they brought into line in 1898. The assault has been so well led that the catalogue of the Society of

French Artists counts, in 1899, five thousand numbers, instead of four thousand, which constituted the exhibition of 1898.

It is said that some of the members of the Institute intend to organise a select Salon, in which only the works of those artists who sit under the cupola of the Mazarin Palace will be exhibited. It is not easy to see what interest such an exhibition could have at a time when several of these Immortals (for they are not less immortals at the Academy of Fine Arts than at the Academy of the Forty) have been the first to urge idlers to cover canvases with paint and to knead clay. M. John Paul Laurens, who has never encouraged this turning aside of natural vocations, has a right to speak as he did last year, but many of his colleagues can only admit their *mea culpa*, and if ever the Salon of the Institute opens we shall be able to witness this singular phenomenon of the influence of pupils upon their masters. The public will be surprised to see that artists who had given rise to great hopes at the beginning of their career have reached the point of having no other desire than that of pleasing the series of customers they have formed.

There was recently opened, after the annual little Salons of the fashionable clubs and on the morrow of the artistic displays of the gambling houses, an exhibition of amateurs, among whom it would have been easy to find the component elements of a small heraldic institute that would not be disavowed by the illustrious gentlemen who assemble on the quay of the left bank of the Seine.

In this long exhibition in the Machine Gallery we experience an inexpressible joy when we hear arise out of this aphonic crowd a manly voice, or even a voîce of a discreet but just tone.

Last year it was M. Henner's pure melody that dominated the concert. This year his *Portrait* and *Dead Christ* still give him the lead. M. Henner knows what he wants to say and never says only what he wishes to say. His *Dead Christ* is of a less precise expression than his *Levite of Ephraim*, because M. Henner has had the desire of rendering the impalpable of the human envelope in painting

BOUGUEREAU

Admiration.

SALON OF 1899

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J. P. LAURENS

Toulouse against Montfort

SALON OF 1899

Honi soit qui mal y pense

the body of the Son of God, who was made in man's image. M. Henner is a great thinker and a great poet, and he expresses his thoughts by absolutely superior artistic qualities. The precision of the design of the *Dead Christ* and the splendour of its colouring are such that we feel astonished in presence of this study, which is one of the most admirable productions of this epoch. His portrait of an old woman has all the charm of form and colour of the *Dead Christ*, with an intensity of research in the modelling required by the subject. It is life by the side of the dream.

M. John Paul Laurens's conception of art is different from that of M. Henner. I have already spoken of the fine and noble character of the man; the artist is a worker who listens only to the voice of his conscience. M. John Paul Laurens has already accomplished a considerable amount of labour. Our public buildings, the Pantheon, the Hotel de Ville, have some vigorously-superb works signed by him. What preoccupies M. John Paul Laurens above everything else is to express in a splendid, clear and sober manner the impression he receives from the grand historical narrations. His large Lauraguais landscape will remain as one of the most simple and striking conceptions of a finished artist, firmly resolved to add nothing to his personal vision. This canvas is a sort of repose in his historical work. To-day, M. John Paul Laurens exhibits a ceiling destined for the Hall of the Illustrious, at Toulouse. This composition glorifies the victory of Toulouse over Simon of Montfort. Toulouse is represented by a lamb—who would have suspected it?—overpowering the lion of Montfort. Around this principal subject the Muses, the poets and the men-at-arms symbolise the glory of Toulouse in the midst of a restoration of the old walls which sufficed at that time to protect human life, and of the strange catapults that threatened it. The entire composition is beautifully harmonious, where, as always, the painter—which distinguishes him from the poet Henner—leaves nothing to chance, and conducts the eye even to the smallest details of what he wishes to render.

Toulouse Against Montfort is badly placed in the Machine Gallery, first of all because a ceiling ought to be at its natural height, and then, to judge such an effort it should be in the surroundings for which it is destined, and not confounded in the midst of a lot of works for the most part incoherent. In this connection we must praise M. John Paul Laurens for his modesty. As President of an organisation such as the Society of French Artists, he would have had a right to a special room, or at least a reserved place. There is not one of M. John Paul Laurens's colleagues who would not have been happy to render him this homage.

The President of the Society of French Artists has, if I am not mistaken, two sons, M. Peter Laurens and M. Albert Laurens. The portrait of M. Peter Laurens, by his brother, is one of the best portraits in the Salon of the Society of French Artists. On the other hand, his painting of *Venus Welcomed by the Horæ*, is of less fine quality.

M. Peter Laurens has an excellent portrait and a painting of *Sailors at the Capstan* which, although very black, denotes on the part of its author a first-rate talent of draughtsman and painter.

I have a special partiality for M. Fantin Latour's masterly qualities. I place him at the head of the artists of the Salon of the French Artists for the fine appearance of his compositions and for the charm that emanates from everything he produces. The *Ondines* and *Bathers* are two of those paintings that have their place marked in the private collections whose owners flatter themselves of uniting works of fine taste and of preserving, for the edification of future generations, pieces that show the great superiority of one of the artists who most highly honours our own era, and who, in spite of the variations of the pictorial temperature, remains faithful to his personal qualities. Quite the reverse of M. Fantin-Latour, M. Benjamin-Constant, very prominent at present, expends considerable talent in being different each year from what he was the preceding year. M. Benjamin-Constant, who exhibited in 1898 the portrait of M. Hanotaux, essentially

H. FANTIN-LATOUR.

Bathers.

SALON OF 1899

BENJAMIN-CONSTANT.

Portrait of Madame J. Von Dermies.

SALON OF 1899

DE SOUZA-PINTO.

The Potato Crop.

SALON OF 1899

unlike that of the Duke of Aumale, previously shown, presents in 1899 a woman's portrait after the English style.

Gifted with an extraordinary faculty of assimilation, M. Benjamin-Constant, first of all, followed in the Orient the route traced by Eugene Delacroix, Fromentin and Henry Regnault. His *Land of*

Thirst was, at that moment, his most complete work; then, successively influenced by Baudry and Delaunay, he devoted himself almost exclusively to portrait-painting, and showed in this branch of art a rare technical skill and a very personal fancy. Between times he has painted ceilings like that for the new Opéra-Comique. M. Benjamin-Constant is unquestionably in full possession of the public favour. He pleases; and his success is entirely legitimate.

I said last year that we ought to make an exception for artists so convinced as M. Bouguereau, M. Bonnat and M. Jules Lefebvre.

I find they have the same convictions this year, although the portrait of a man by M. Jules Lefebvre does not appear to me to be as compact in form as those he usually exhibits. I much prefer the study made by one of his pupils, M. Fulop Laszlo, a Hungarian, who has portrayed the features of Prince Hohenlohe, Chancellor of the German Empire, with a sentiment of observation which shows that the artist has attentively studied the marvellous portrait of M. Bertin, recently acquired by the Louvre. The insistence with which M. Fulop Laszlo has accentuated everything that marks the character of his model, gives to this portrait a most precious signification. In looking at it we are inevitably struck, under the tired regard of this disabused diplomatist, by the energy of the model's inner thought. We have here an exact, faithful and definite image. When we recall the portrait of M. Hanotaux by M. Benjamin-Constant, and read in the catalogue that M. Fulop Laszlo is not only a pupil of M. Jules Lefebvre, but also of M. Benjamin-Constant, it would be unjust not to recognise that the pupil does the greatest honour to his masters.

M. Tattegrain has had some brilliant and merited success in the preceding exhibitions. This year he shows a large historical composition destined for the City Hall at Saint Quentin : *Saint Quentin Taken by Assault. The Exodus, August 29, 1557.*

"After two days of murdering, pillaging and incendiarisms," says the notice in the catalogue, "the remainder of the population was conducted outside the city's ruins by order of Philip II., King of Spain.

"The Germans, the English and the Spaniards committed great cruelties upon the women and children. The men were killed.

"On the 29th, about two o'clock, the order was given to send all the women to France. It was really heart-rendering to see 3,500 women screaming their lamentations in recognising the naked bodies pierced by blows."

M. Tattegrain has rendered this scene with a rare power of execu-

F. TATTEGRAIN.

The Capture of Saint Quentin, August 29, 1557

SALON OF 1899

G. ROCHEGROSSE.

Assassination of the Emperor Geta

SALON OF 1899

tion. There is only one fault to be found : he has, perhaps, distributed the light too abundantly, and thus made the sad spectacle appear a little too dazzling.

M. George Rochegrosse has returned to the arrangements dear to the School of Fine Arts. The *Assassination of the Emperor Geta* is of a theatrical disposition much in favour on the Quai Malaquais. Sir Henry Irving, the actor, would, perhaps, have comprehended the subject otherwise. He would have sacrificed the too large number of secondary figures and given more prominence to the principal group lost in a shadowy corner lacquered with pink, which prevents seeing its dramatic interest. M. George Rochegrosse has expended in this picture a science of drawing and painting that he would have better employed in his previous compositions. We ought, however, to thank him for having, from an archæological point of view, rectified the erroneous accoutrement with which the makers of "Stations of the Cross" rig out their centurions. From the point of view of exactness in the restoration of costumes our century is less stupid.

Of all the Cadets of Gascogne, since this vocable has taken its place in the French language beside that of the Felibres, M. Henry Martin is one of the most sympathetic, if not the most sympathetic. His painting entitled *Serenity* is a delicious vision expressed with a charming delicacy. The mind wanders leisurely in this sacred wood, where the evocation of the vividly beautiful feminine figures forms part with the landscape, so attractive in tone, so robust in execution. Before this grand piece, in presence of these clumps of trees through which the light discreetly penetrates, we experience the joy of the explorer who, after having crossed wide deserts, at last finds the oasis that invites him to repose. M. Henry Martin is not only a native of Toulouse; he is a son of our grand, beautiful and impressionable France, whose brilliant genius will radiate over the world for a long while yet, in spite of the conspiracy of the extinguishers. *Serenity* awakens our best souvenirs in its significant poesy.

Will M. Henry Martin obtain the honorary medal of the Salon of

the French Artists? He has a redoubtable competitor in M. Ferdinand Humbert, who has numerous partisans with his triptych of *Mary Magdelene*. The work is well done, with more grasp, I mean to say more individual accent, than M. Ferdinand Humbert, long undecided, is accustomed to display in his paintings. M. Humbert has a feminine side to his talent. He voluntarily allows himself to be influenced by

the prim arrangements of the English artists. Several of his portraits would make a good showing at London. He has, however, returned among us, and I congratulate him for it. His triptych is a sober, touching and contained composition, in which we find the life that M. Ferdinand Humbert put into his earlier works and where the preoccupation of small details has happily given way to a firm determination to simply render the subject chosen. His *Portrait* completes one of the finest series he has ever exhibited.

Exhibitions are, besides, terrible tests for artists who have a desire to show their talent under favourable conditions. A young man, M. Raoul Barbin, has just had the cruel experience of this fact.

ASTON LOUIS KNIGHT

Spring-time on the Seine at Rolleboise.

SALON OF 1899

H. MARTIN

Serenity.

SALON OF 1899

F. HUMBERT.

Mary Magdalene (triptych).

SALON OF 1899

M. Barbin has painted upon a canvas of such extraordinary dimensions that it occupies the whole of one of the wall panels in the first gallery of the Salon of the French Artists—the velvet hanging, even, rests upon the top of the frame—the *Conspiracy of the Pazzi Against the Medici; Execution of the Conspirators in the Old Palace at Florence, 1478.* If the catalogue did not give us this information, it would be impossible to distinguish anything in this immense, black painting, where the personages move about like shadows covered by profound darkness. M. Raoul Barbin has put years of labour into this composition, and when his painting was placed at the Champ de Mars he must have sincerely regretted not to be able to take away the drapery of the gallery, which darkens his already dark composition. M. Raoul Barbin, who is an artist full of conviction, will not hesitate, after the close of the Salon, to lighten up his canvas, and the groups in the foreground will then appear with their firm design and rich colouring. And who knows? The *Conspiracy of the Pazzi* will, perhaps, be a striking revelation at the moment when the Exhibition of 1900 opens in the new palaces on the Champs-Elysées.

Last year M. Francis Flameng showed a superior canvas, *Waterloo.* This year, his *Evening at Jena* will have no less success than *Waterloo.* M. Francis Flameng has skilful and ingenious methods that make him one of the most adroit painters of the present day. Everything in the *Evening at Jena* is conceived in a way to glorify the Napoleonic legend in all its brilliancy. The Emperor is well posed. The simplicity of his gray frock-coat makes a happy contrast with the richness of the conquered standards. The marching grenadiers are of superb bearing, and everything, even to the atmosphere of the sky in which the sun is sinking, is impregnated with an unspeakable charm. But is this the striking reality of those evenings after the battle that we have known, not from the sound of victorious trumpets, but in the midst of the sadness of valour brutally smitten? of those evenings of battle upon which weighed an inexpressible emotion, either on the side of the victors or on that unfavoured by

the fortune of war? M. Francis Flameng was too young to feel what we have felt, not having seen what we witnessed. He has been present only at reviews and manœuvres, and there blood does not speak; it is as silent as the *Evening at Jena*. We do not here see bodies shrivelled up in terrible postures; we do not feel that we are in this atmosphere of blood that rests upon the fields of massacres.

The idea of fraternity that M. Debat-Ponsan has endeavoured to express in his allegory of *Christ Upon the Mountain* is of high philosophical bearing and great social teaching. M. Debat-Ponsan entitles his painting *Vision*, and reproduces beneath the title this quotation from the thirteenth chapter of the Gospel according to Saint John: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." In the foreground, as far as the eye can reach, in a ditch that separates Christ from the multitude he is addressing, we see a heap of bodies of men and women who have struggled for justice and fought for human liberty. The personages that Christ apostrophises are Louis XIV., Francis I. and Charles IX., while the Pope is seen in profile before the army of the Crusaders, dominated by Godefroy de Bouillon and the Lusignans.

The criticism that might be made against M. Debat-Ponsan's composition is that it does not represent *Force exceeding the right* by a figure of sufficiently general character. In singling out certain criminals, M. Debat-Ponsan infallibly makes omissions. He might have more simply opposed a God of kindness to a ferocious, cruel and wicked humanity, full of hate. I know of nothing that better renders this contradiction between duty and iniquity than Juda's Kiss. At least we should give Christianity the credit of having formulated the highest ideas with a simplicity approaching genius. Nevertheless, M. Debat-Ponsan's composition is one of superior interest, and consoles us for the cerebral weakness that afflicts most of our artists.

What, for instance, is the meaning of M. Adolphus Lalire's vast

DEBAT-PONSAN

Christ Upon the Mountain, a Vision.

SALON OF 1899

E. BOUTIGNY.

Henry de La Rochejacquelein at the Assault on Cholet (Vendée) 1793.

SALON OF 1899

EMILE MOLLE

A Legend of Ancestral Days

SALON OF 1899

composition entitled *Love abandoning the Sirens to follow Psyche?* The artist might reply that under this title he has found a pretext for making a study of the nude, that this pretext is as good as any other, and that he has displayed all his skill as a painter to form a collection of nude women. Granted; but at least he should make us

feel the palpitations of the flesh. Let M. Lalire observe the Rubenses and the Jordaenses; he will be, like ourselves, struck with the powerful brush-work of Mary of Medici's painter, and with the vigorous manner of the author of the decorative work at The Hague. At the Luxembourg and at The Hague it is the living flesh that captivates us.

M. Louis Béroud is an artist who finds great pleasure at the Louvre. He has already given us views of the Grand Square Hall

in which he showed a really original and supple talent. This year he has not cared to paint the large gallery with its usual throng of visitors; he describes for us the day reserved for the Muses who bring to the old masters bunches of flowers, crowns and garlands. They have left their peplums in the cloak-room, and M. Louis Béroud will excuse us if we regret it, however much care he has taken to model their forms. We have never been in favour of placing turn-stiles at the entrance to our national art museums, but if ever these barriers should be established we are sure that visitors would be required to appear in decent dress.

It is always pleasant to see the fine, conscientious portraits painted by M. Ernest Hébert. Those that he shows this year are as attractive as the works of the best days of the author of *Mal'aria*. In the harmonious scale of these two canvases we feel the manly force of an artist for whom the years do not count, and who remains eternally young.

M. Roybet, however, appears older, notwithstanding his brilliant-red style. The display of so much cleverness in the handling of M. Guillemet's portrait, whose head stands out smilingly from his crumpled ruff, as well as in that of Doctor Marc Laffont, makes us think of Franz Hals, without, however, finding the simplicity of the Harlem master. M. Roybet is an extraordinary charmer. He treats all his subjects with an incomparable power of brush-work, but everything is on the surface. It is useless to endeavour to penetrate his thoughts because he does not trouble himself about what is underneath.

It is a long while since Madame Rosa Bonheur sent the least picture or drawing to the annual Salons; but she has not remained inactive. She has spent her time in adding each year to the collection of her friend, M. Gambard, of Nice, who has gathered together the larger part of the work done by the painter of *The Horse Market* and *Ploughing in the Nivernais*.

The last time that I saw Madame Rosa Bonheur was on the day

E. HÉBERT.

Portrait of Mademoiselle de S. A

SALON OF 1890

Mme VIRGINIE DEMONT-BRETON

Alma Mater.

SALON OF 1899

of the visit of the Emperor Nicholas II. to the Louvre. She was alert and strong, in spite of her years, and the Emperor warmly congratulated her. I believe he even expressed a regret that she no longer exhibited her work at the Salon. Perhaps it is to the Imperial encouragement that we owe the *Auvergne Bull and Cow* of this year.

Madame Rosa Bonheur has had such a brilliant career that we ought to speak of her only with the most profound respect, and it would be unjust to point out her hesitations at the moment when, at an advanced age, she once more returns to our exhibitions. All criticism would be out of place, inasmuch as Madame Rosa Bonheur has retained the sturdy qualities that explain the striking successes at the outset of her career.

The generation to which belongs the author of the *Auvergne Bull and Cow* was, besides, strongly constituted. M. Harpignies is of this generation, and each year he sends to the Salon some compositions full of youthful observation. Beneath a somewhat hard drawing M. Harpignies succeeds in putting qualities of air, atmosphere and light which give to all his productions an appearance of reality that assures him a high place in our landscape school.

M. Louis Edward Fournier has been painting some very remarkable portraits for several years past. This year he sends the *Portrait of M. Paul Deschanel*, President of the Chamber of Deputies, and recently elected a member of the French Academy. The work has an accent of powerful individuality. The design is broad and the colouring full of charm, while the general arrangement has a fine decorative appearance. In our time, when snobbishness gains more ground every day, the choice of a sitter is not unimportant for a portrait-painter, and M. Paul Deschanel's image will, in the eyes of the crowd, put M. Fournier in the place that the artists assigned him long ago. It has not always been so, I may say in honour of our ancestors. In 1848, Lamartine wanted to have his portrait painted by Delacroix. "I do not paint portraits," replied Delacroix. "But mine would give you a sure success," rejoined Lamartine. "Allow

me to tell you," added Delacroix, "that I do not seek any other successes than those to be obtained from the expression of what I have conceived. Permit me to add my profound regret at not being able to accept the proposal you have done me the great honour of making."

M. Raphael Collin is a painter gifted with an exquisite sensibility.

In the Country is a work of an adorable sentiment, *something*, to use one of Mr. Whistler's expressions—a sort of symphony in white, with a delicacy of touch in which the slightest shades faithfully follow the irreproachable design of this figure of a young country-girl standing like an ideal being in the half-open door of the house.

The *Cry of Alarm* is one of M. Jules Breton's best canvases. The neighbouring farm is on fire. The mowers stop their work and run to give help. Alone, the woman who is in the foreground, a rake in her hand and occupied in taking an academical attitude, does not

L. WATELIN.

A Normandy Meadow.

SALON OF 1899

L. E. FOURNIER.

Portrait of M. Paul Deschanel (President of the Chamber of Deputies)

SALON OF 1899

Fournier

RAPHAEL COLLIN

In the Country.

SALON OF 1890

get away with all the desired rapidity ; she is a little set in her movements. But the idea is beautiful and simply rendered in its entirety; the picture will worthily continue the poet's rural work.

One of the best paintings at the Salon of the French Artists is the *July 14, 1789*, or the seizure of arms at the Invalides by the people of Paris marching against the Bastille. There is a furious movement in this crowd; the light is well distributed, the scene clear and striking. M. Benoit-Lévy is a painter with a great future.

I should like to praise with the same measure M. Maillard's *Joan of Arc* canvas entitled " Because of the great pity for the kingdom of France," but in spite of the considerable talent displayed by M. Maillard his picture is too artificial and, from this point of view, in strong contrast with the life-like composition of M. Benoit-Lévy.

M. George Clairin has always had a fondness for dramatic subjects. This year he gives us the *Departure of the Conscripts at Luxor*, country of hieroglyphics. "The fellahs," says the note in the catalogue, "obliged to perform their military service, are enclosed in barracks until their departure; the families, fathers, mothers, daughters, rush against the walls in cursing and lamenting."

To this *Departure of the Conscripts* M. Clairin adds the *Return of the Conscripts*. In the *Departure* the maledictions are of the same violence as those we have at the theatre. In the *Return* we find a like preoccupation of a research for scenic effect, which does not always convey real emotion to the spectators. M. Clairin is, very happily, a painter who is captivated by the vivacity of the execution of his work.

Last year M. Emile Wery obtained a travelling scholarship at the close of the Salon for his two remarkable works; he offers us this year *Returning from School*, across lots. The picture is a very pleasant one, more highly finished than the *Breton Orphan Girl* of 1898. M. Emile Wery is in Tangier at present. He has crossed Spain.

When he returns from his journey he will be of my opinion. He will prefer, like myself, the robust execution of his last year's pictures to the rather finikin figures of the six little children of the present composition. M. Emile Wery is, none the less, one of those who gives the greatest hopes among the young painters. I am sure that in Spain, before the Velasquezes and Goyas, he regretted more than once having put so much colouring into a scene that he might have rendered with more simplicity.

Mr. Max Bohm is in the same case. His *Seafaring People* and *Sailors on the Beach* are not equal to his previous works.

I will not say the same about Mr. Smith Lewis; in his *Last Fine Days* he has, as he did in 1898 with his *Waggon*, raised a simple incident to the height of an important fact, but he has put into this immoderate composition more air, a surer drawing and a more flexible execution.

Mrs. Cecelia Wentworth is from the United States, the same as Mr. Max Bohm and Mr. Smith Lewis, but she confines her art to portrait-painting. In 1899 she presents us the image of *Pope Leo XIII.*, stouter and in a more hieratic attitude than the portrait painted by M. Chartran.

Another American, Mr. Frederick M. Du Mond, of Rochester, N.Y., has painted under the title of *Nero's Theatre*, an elephant carrying off a tiger on his trumpet. Mr. William de Leftwich Dodge, of Virginia, has thought it essential to recall the atrocities committed by Fernando Cortez in the course of his conquest of Mexico, and to repose our eyes with a second canvas showing the *Princess Varda Taking her Bath*. These two sons of free America studied at our School of Fine Arts and in Julian's studios. They are both clever. Mr. Dodge, especially, gives hopes for the future. He has made some remarkable illustrations.

It is pleasing, after having contemplated these pieces, which are not without a certain pretension, to look at the *Bouquet of Roses* and *Love's Slumber*, by this modest and simple artist who calls himself

JULES BRETON.

The Alarm.

SALON OF 1899

Jules Breton
1899

J. BENOIT-LÉVY.

The Seizure of Arms at The Invalides, July 14, 1789.

SALON OF 1899

Achille-Cesbron. He has placed in the catalogue these verses by Augustus Dorchain, which are worth quoting:

Les roses s'endormaient au profond du jardin,
Dans le silence bleu de la lune endormie,
Quand, las, pour son sommeil cherchant une ombre amie,
Eros, parmi les fleurs s'est abattu soudain.

O miracle! Au contact du dormeur enfantin
Tout s'éveille; un désir monte en cette accalmie,
Un rayon vient du dieu baiser la chair blêmie,
Les fleurs tendent vers lui leurs lèvres de satin.

Sous l'abandon du bras, sous la langueur des hanches,
Les rosiers en amours ont assoupli leurs branches
Pour faire à son corps tiède un berceau parfumé,

Et l'on voit, harmonie et caresses des choses,
Se joindre et se confondre en un frisson pâmé
Le bleu du clair de lune et le rose des roses.

As, in speaking of M. Achille-Cesbron, I have returned to the first letters of the alphabet, I must praise Mademoiselle Louise Abbéma, who has painted a decorative piece for the Fécamp Monastery, and whose recent exhibition in M. George Petit's Galleries was very interesting. Then there is Mademoiselle Achille-Fould, with her *Women and the Secret.*

M. Jules Adler sends some works that are worthy of attention, *A Mother* and *A Tramp*. M. Jules Adler had, last year, all the success he could desire: a medal from his fellow-artists and a travelling scholarship awarded by the Superior Council of the Fine Arts. He does honour this year to those who had confidence in his talent.

M. Raymond Allègre, of Marseilles, has remained ignored for a long time, owing to his hesitancy and, haunted as he was, by the souvenir of his master, M. Vollon. To-day he is in full possession of himself, and shows his personality more, perhaps, in his *Study* than in the panel in honour of the month of May, which belongs to M. Puget.

Last year I signalled four artists who are veritable painters, MM. Henry Royer, Sabbatté, Duvent and MacEwen. I awaited impatiently their contributions to this year's Salon, and am happy to proclaim that they have all made real progress. *Evening in Flanders*, by M. Henry Royer, is a work full of sentiment under its lightness of execution.

The Porch, by M. Ferdinand Sabbatté, is an irreproachable pic-

ture, of a melancholy impression that is all the more striking as the execution is broad and careless about the little details that destroy the effect of so many paintings of the same kind. *In Memory of the Humble* marvellously completes M. Sabbatté's exhibition.

The *Haulers*, by M. Duvent, marks a giant stride forward in the rapid career of this painter who promises to become a superior artist.

Mr. Walter MacEwen completes very happily this quartett with his *Dutch Child*. Here are four artists marching with a deliberate and sure step.

Two very estimable artists, but who remain at the point fixed by

MIRALLES-DARMANIN.

An Accident.

SALON OF 1899

D. MAILLART.

Joan of Arc.

SALON OF 1899

G. CLAIRIN

Departure of Conscripts at Luxor Egypt.

SALON OF 1899

their first successes, are M. Tony Robert-Fleury, with *The Book* and *Blue-Bottles*, and M. Jules Machard, with his agreeable portraits.

M. Jules Worms shows us, in his usual style, a *Priest's Visit*, impregnated with the same qualities that have always distinguished this artist.

M. Henry Zo follows, with his *Don Quixote*, in his father's footsteps and yields to the influence of their common friend, M. Bonnat.

M. Zuber, a masterly water-colour painter, a worthy continuator of Jacquemart's splendid free handling, paints the celebrated rosy steps of Versailles.

What will remain to us of these steps of pink marble, full of souvenirs of the grand century? We have in France the mania of scraping everything, of making over everything, of giving up the dearest treasures of our history to the cleansing and restoring architects; we destroy under the pretence of preserving, and when we go to-day to Versailles or to the Trianons we feel overcome by a deep sadness in seeing what is done with the most venerated remains. And if it were only at Versailles and the Trianons that such acts are committed! But it is the same everywhere. Throughout the whole of France we are erecting counterfeit monuments upon the ruins of everything that had a precise character. When an architect discovers what he terms a witness, that is to say a stone calling, according to his conjectures, for a definite form, he begins to improvise variations upon the original theme of which he had found a fragment. It is really very lucky that the Trocadero Museum has been created and a course of lectures instituted under the direction of so competent an artist as M. de Baudot. We shall at least keep the reproduction of early monuments, and be able to gather some instructive observations about them from the lectures.

M. Paul Chabas succeeds better in portrait-painting than in compositions where he gives full play to his imagination. His *Portrait of Madame Daniel Lesueur* makes a fine appearance; it is firm and well-sustained in design and colour. The *Joyous*

Gambols, on the other hand, while indicating that its painter possesses the temperament of a skilful artist who handles effects of light with an extraordinary ability, leaves us less enthusiastic, notwithstanding the great talent of its author.

M. Chabas has, however, some serious chances for winning the Salon Prize with his aquatic farandole. The jury will not fail to observe, and rightly, that the figures are well grouped, better than they usually are in such compositions, that the colour is solid and has a youthful freshness; in a word, that the picture is the product of an artist of whom great hopes may be conceived, as he has already shown in a number of works that he is capable of contending with our best painters. For my own part, as member of the Superior Council of the Fine Arts, I am quite ready to give to M. Paul Chabas a merited encouragement.

The sculptors of the Society of French Artists will evidently present M. Boucher's two marble groups in competition with M. Chabas's picture for the coveted prize. I shall have occasion to speak of M. Boucher's groups in describing the sculpture at the Salon of the Society of French Artists. For the moment I will confine myself to indicating this rivalry, which will surely take place and profoundly trouble the lay members of the Superior Council of the Fine Arts.

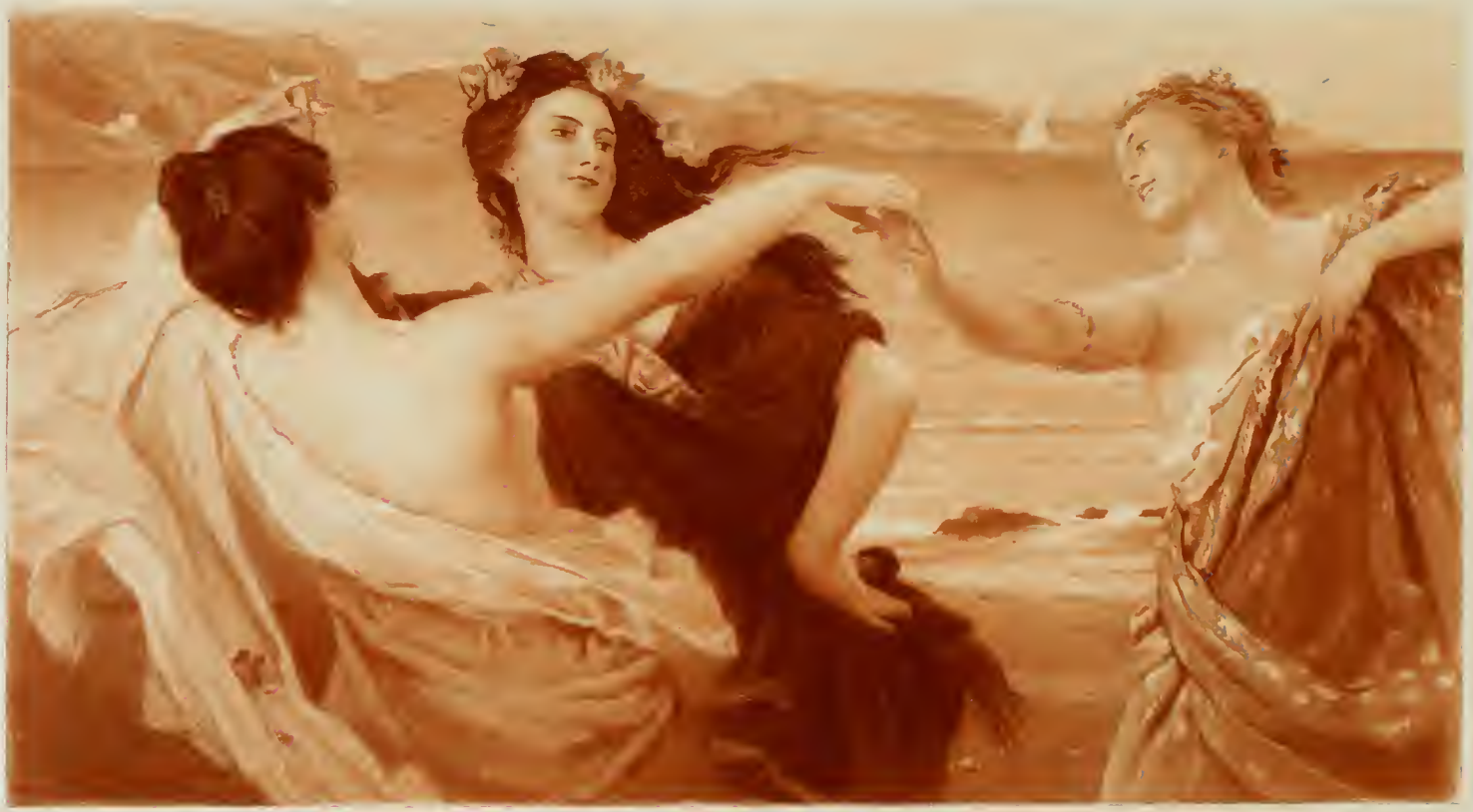
Returning to the paintings, I find a canvas that pleases me among all the others, the *Flamencas*, by M. Bergès. This artist has painted a scene that has been reproduced a great many times, but he has put into his work a vivacity and truthful accent that denote a very high gift as a colourist.

We must not ask the Superior Council of the Fine Arts to signalise M. Bergès's picture. Delacroix has very justly said "that if artists profit by the impressions given to them by nature and voluntarily paint the subjects which attract them, public opinion will always prefer those that are treated by the usual methods."

A. D. BOYÉ.

Cheerfulness.

SALON OF 1899



J. BRUNET.

The Virgins' Hymn.

SALON OF 1899

Mlle E. HILDA.

Enforced Repose.

SALON OF 1899

Establish the grounds, observe the difference in the value of tones and envelop the scene represented with an atmosphere that leaves apparent the minutest delicacies of the forms, constitute qualities that ordinarily escape the eye of crowds accustomed by a long and false education to confound the painter's art with that of the sculptor. What the crowd seeks on the canvas as

well as in the marble are contours that enable it to seize the geometrical precision of the drawing. Beyond this monotony of manner it sees only spots that are more or less agreeable, and to which are wanting the mark that gives the rigid line it tries to find everywhere.

The ideal for the public is M. Schommer's ceiling, destined for the new Sorbonne. In this ceiling nothing is left to the imagination. Everything is underlined with a science the extent of which it would be unjust to ignore, but with a science so

constantly faithful to the principles of which I have just spoken that we can only regret its exigency.

I prefer the *Agriculture in the Rhône Department*, by M. Fournier, painted for one of the four large voussures in the Hall of the General Council of the Rhône Prefecture. M. Fournier has executed this work on the same plan as that employed in the decoration for the front of the Grand Palace of the Champs-Elysées, that is to say by large coloured grounds rising upon a light background. His personages are finely modelled, and the whole composition has a stately appearance.

The Minister of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts gave M. Guillonnet an order for a large decorative panel representing a game of *Foot-Ball*, destined for the Lakanal Public School. The scene is animated and the discreet design is sustained by a harmonious colouring. M. Guillonnet would have found at the Racing-Club grounds in the shady Bois de Boulogne some better effects for his accessories, but he preferred to make his sketch at Vanves, a Parisian suburb that has its particular physiognomy. When his painting is definitely placed, it will recover what it loses at the Salon, where it is hung too high and near works that are not favourable for setting off its qualities.

M. Charles Busson exhibits two sincere landscapes, such as he is accustomed to send each year, *On the Banks of the Adour* and *Souvenir of Sologne*.

His son, M. George Busson, has very happily tried his hand at some decorative panels, and his *Good Pull* during the demolition of the Chamber of Accounts will make a brilliant suite to the scenes for which he has a special fancy, and in which he shows us the horse painted by an artist who knows this animal, likes him and treats him as a true sportsman should.

M. Duval's *Oceanids* for the decoration of the Aquarium of the Exhibition of 1900, is a bouille-abaisse of nude women of a pleasing colouring.

Mme CONSUELO-FOULD.

A Risky Passage.

SALON OF 1899

Copyright 1890 by Mme Geraudel Boulet

GÉROME.

« *Young Love's shivering limbs the embers warm.* » *From Anacreon.*

SALON OF 1899

Copyright 1899 by Jean Brunnard Manas Jovant & Cie

I have already spoken of the candidates for the Salon Prize. M. Charles Fouqueray is one of these candidates. He exhibits a picture entitled *War*, which will continue the success obtained by his *Trafalgar*. We cannot help having sympathy for artists so modest and convinced as M. Fouqueray, who has the determination to succeed, and who will succeed. He has recently made some remarkable sketches for the decoration of the new Hôtel de Ville, or City Hall, at Niort, and these panels, when exhibited, will be a great success for him. Will M. Fouqueray win the Salon Prize this year? It is to be feared that the protecting god of Favour will not be as propitious for him as for his rivals.

We may mention as among the works to be recommended: *Labour*, by M. Boggio; *Allured*, by M. Charpentier-Bosio; *A Calm*, by Mademoiselle Carpentier; *Illusions*, by M. Lavergne; *Winter Fragrance*, by M. Simonidy; the *Melancholy of Ruins*, by M. Suau; *Fleeting Hours*, by M. Duthoit; *Fogs over the Meuse*, by M. Hector Le Roux; *In Honour of the Sculptor Bachelier*, by M. Paul Gervais; *Portrait of Queen Elizabeth of Roumania*, by M. Lecomte du Nouy, a recent favourite who will act wisely in returning to his earlier manner.

M. Gabriel Ferrier, with his *Poet's Awakening*, is also one of those artists who has lost his conducting line. This painter, who began by making some interesting portraits and ingenious compositions, has completely put aside his initial qualities to run after mannerisms that have completely upset him.

I will say nothing about the *Autumnal Breaths* and *Dead Leaves*, by M. Franc Lamy. This artist believes that he has amply treated the subjects and given them a warm colouring; but in reality they are incomplete and halting, and make us regret M. Lamy's first efforts, which were interesting by their simplicity and even by an artlessness that was not without charm.

M. Petitjean, at least, remains faithful to his past. His large *Périgord Landscape* contains all the qualities of his previous works

and has, besides, a vigour that goes on increasing. We owe him our sincere compliments.

I like very much the *Family Portraits* painted by M. Marcel Baschet. In not forgetting the attitude of some of the personages, who are inclined to be affected, M. Baschet has put into his canvas a charm of truthfulness that is quite refreshing. He has painted this family gathering with a sincerity worthy of all praise.

M. Buland's *Bretons at Prayer* is a superior painting. Upon a light background six personages advance towards the altar. The first is a young girl who has preserved only the cap of her national costume. She holds a wax-taper in her hand. Behind her are her mother and a young man, both wearing ready-made clothing from the "Belle Jardinière"; then come the church-wardens, dressed out by the best tailors of Nantes or Quimperlé. The Kymris types are well observed. Their skulls have the mark of the skulls that can be seen at the Anthropological Society, but I must say that the modern costume spoils a little the impression that we should have if the personages wore the original garments still preserved in the large market-town of Batz. The work is, nevertheless, curious, interesting and strong.

M. Edmond Picard shows us an aged shepherd recounting old stories to a young herdsman and a group of shepherd-girls seated half-way up one of the slopes of the Jura.

M. Danguy symbolises *War*, the same as M. Fouqueray. Has not M. Danguy received a second-class Roman Prize? He has since taken some teachings from proscribed circles that promise to make him a distinguished revolutionist.

M. Albert Valentin Thomas has placed a dizzy group of antique dancers sporting to the rhythm of a flute in a landscape after the style of Puvis de Chavannes. It is not yet the afternoon of Stephen Mallarmé's faun: it is the infancy of the said faun.

From M. de Boislecomte we have a *Cathelineau Protecting the Republican Prisoners at Cholet.* Let us accept without discussion the

Mme DE WENTWORTH.

Pope Leo XIII.

SALON OF 1899

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M. BASCHET

Family Portraits.

SALON OF 1899

HENRI ZO.

An Incident.

SALON OF 1899

story as it is offered to us by the painter of this Vendean scene, confining ourselves to regretting that in the arrangement of the scene there is a constant preoccupation about the theatrical effect which, as Ernest Renan said, is so different from dramatic effect. Emotion is just what M. de Boislecomte has not succeeded in communicating.

A Steeple-Chase in 1830, by M. Wostry, stirs us more pro-

foundly. The crowd swarms and makes us share its impression. We are here a long way from the tragical idea that M. de Boislecomte has found in the recitals of our civil wars, and yet M. Wostry's canvas interests us much more than that painted by his comrade. This proves once more that the subject is of little importance, provided it is really felt by the artist.

Before the Attack, by M. Petit-Girard, is a well-composed picture. All the figures stand out on a light background and have a truthful accent. We might, perhaps, desire a warmer

tone in the colouring, but notwithstanding this, it is a well-arranged composition.

M. Brunery has placed some cardinals in a Louis XIV. interior. This conclave is doubtless practising upon various instruments, from the piano to the double-bass, the sacred hymn written by Leo XIII., which M. Theodore Dubois has recently set to music. But this rehearsal is, I suppose, simply one without the formidable choral masses composed by the musician.

M. Remy Cogghe's *Début* shows some painter-like qualities, but the anecdote he recounts is displeasing to the highest degree. In the eighteenth century the scene would have been treated more intelligently. An artist of that epoch would have been, above all, careful not to introduce an old woman, mother or not, whose part in the "début" is, however strongly M. Cogghe may have indicated the painter's indifference, absolutely brutal, and consequently thoroughly odious.

M. Denneulin is fond of comical scenes, and the one in which he represents a priest against whom a gendarme has made an official report because he shot a hare that ate his cabbages, is amusing.

M. Gaudefroy's broad jokes for inn-chambers are far from having the same zest, but reproduced in chromo-lithography they will undoubtedly do to perfection.

M. Mirallès's *Accident* lacks decision in its general bearing. The two little clowns in the foreground standing out on the black garment of the physician called to attend the wounded horse-woman, who is upon her death-bed, are cleverly drawn, of a very agreeable tone, and well enveloped in the somewhat confused crowd. The mother, the jesters, the musicians and the clown who keeps back the crowd that tries to enter the sick-chamber, are often out of proportion, not being exactly in perspective; but the main idea is good. It gives the impression of the scene that the painter wished to render. We have here one

HENRY TENRÉ.

Between the Acts at the Valencay Theatre, in 1806.

SALON OF 1899

HENRY TENR

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J. DUPRE.

At the Pool.

SALON OF 1899

Copy Photograph by Braun, Clément & Cie

L. BONNAT.

At Saint Jean de Luz, in the Biscayan Country.

SALON OF 1890

noble letter written on the eve of the day when she was stricken with malady in the force of her seventy-eight years.

M. Tattegrain must have felt somewhat astonished at the great honour bestowed upon him. He must have said to himself that he owed it to his contemporaries to justify next year the distinction

just conferred. I am, for my part, convinced that we shall have a surprise at the next Salon, M. Tattegrain being too sincere a worker not to comprehend that this encouragement imposes an obligation.

Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur's death has caused me great sorrow. She was belated, but she put into her studies and particularly into her drawings such a force of just impression, moderated by a pre-occupation of the works of the Jean Jacques Rousseaus and the George Sands, that she is entitled to hold in the French School of the nineteenth century the place she knew how to conquer, and which is entirely her own. She experienced all the delights of

glory, all the joys given by the favour and constant patronage of the public powers. The day when she retired into obscurity by the disappearance of those who had so highly appreciated her, she had no feeling of despair and no depression of spirits. She remained conscientious, continuing with her artistic faith in the path she believed to be the true one. She did not fail for an instant, and the generations who have not appreciated her talent owe to her admirable strength of character the respect that is due to all earnest convictions. I remember the exhibition of her complete works, which was held in George Petit's galleries some years ago, and I recall the defference shown to her courage by those who no longer saw with her eyes or who no longer thought in the same manner as she thought. We all owe to this great artist the affection that she merited, the sympathy that she never ceased to show for all manifestations of art, however different they were from her own conception. It is a pure and radiant figure that disappears, leaving behind the luminous trace of a very personal eloquence.

The unfortunate competitors of M. Tattegrain for the Medal of Honour, M. Henry Martin, M. Ferdinand Humbert and M. Marcel Baschet, will take new courage. M. Henry Martin has only to follow his ideal to have justice finally done to him. M. Humbert is not a man to go to sleep in idleness, and M. Baschet, who received a smaller number of votes, has no need of a Medal of Honour from his fellow artists to render his *Family Portraits* one of the strongest works he has yet given us.

After having voted the Medal of Honour, the jury of the Salon of French Artists distributed second-class and third-class medals and honorary mentions in the section of painting. It signalised *War*, by M. Pla y Rubio, a Spaniard born at Villamura de Castellon; the *Nurses*, by M. Hubert Denis Etcheverry; the *Portrait of Prince Hohenlohe*, by M. Laszlo, which I have already cited as being one of the best portraits in the Salon of French Artists;

H. ETCHEVERRY.

Ariegoise and Breton Nurses

SALON OF 1899

HENRY PERRAULT.

Heroic Defense of the Banyuls Pass.

SALON OF 1899

two *Interiors of Breton Farmhouses*, by M. Désiré Lucas; *Labour*, by M. Emile Boggio; *Peonies* and *Creeping Roses*, by M. Louis Lemaire; *Nocturne* and *An Interior*, by M. Marcel Rieder, of Thann; the *Defence of the Banyuls Pass*, by M. Henry Perrault. I must make a short stop before this very remarkable painting.

"The inhabitants of Banyuls-by-the-Sea," says the notice in the catalogue, "led by their mayor, checked for three days the march of a Spanish army through the Banyuls Pass, and by their desperate resistance enabled Dugommier's troops to form in the rear and victoriously repel the invader. The 15th Prairial of the Year II. of the Republic, the National Convention decreed that the inhabitants of Banyuls had rendered a great service to their country."

This animated composition is handled with sincerity and simplicity, and we must unreservedly praise M. Henry Perrault for having succeeded in pleasing us by the reproduction of this almost ignored fact, and yet one that is so interesting for the history of the wars of the Revolution.

M. Pascal Blanchard has obtained a second-class medal for his two excellent portraits; M. Marché the same recompense for two very remarkable canvases, *Autumn* and *Last Rays;* M. Edmond Borchard, a second-class medal for his *Strong Pull;* M. John Eugene Jullian Massé, a like honour for the *Vineyards at Vaux-Harlin* and *The Reserve at la Napoule*, two superior pictures; M. Laronze, a second-class medal for his excellent study entitled *A Calm in the Charollais.*

M. Hoffbauer, a pupil of Gustavus Moreau, has, with his *Vagabonds*, taken full possession of a purely personal talent.

In his *Moonlight in the Gulf of Juan*, M. Sebilleau, a pupil of Anguin, brings an energetic note into our landscape school, and M. V. Bourgeois completes by his exhibition the list of second-class medals awarded in the section of painting.

It has long been the custom not to confer any first-class medals

for paintings, and I still remember the joy expressed by my friend Edward Manet when the jury gave him one of these second-class medals for his portrait of Pertuiset. He had not received any public recompense since the day when he exhibited his *Guitar Player* and obtained an honorary mention. What a strange turn things sometimes take in this world! If the *Guitar Player* were to-day at the Louvre, few paintings would be able to hold their own by the side of this admirable piece, which has its place marked in our national museum. Baudelaire said at that moment that this masterpiece would triumph over the hypocritical nullity of Manet's fellow-artists, who had conferred the highest recompenses on themselves for paintings that are now forgotten.

The jury of the Salon of French Artists has awarded third-class medals to MM. Moreau-Neret, Lavergne, Cabié, John Peter Zo, Dambeza, Thiérot, Camoreyt, Barthalot, Piatti, Pagès, Maurice Chabas, Chantron, Laparra, Mayan, Grosjean, Decamps, Verdié, Madame Gruyer-Brielman, Mademoiselle Stoffregen, MM. Sieffert, Tardieu, Place-Canton, Mouton, Du Mond, Renaudin, Palezieux and Barlow.

It has attributed honorary mentions to M. George Ferrier, Mademoiselle Reynolds, MM. Leclercq, José Weiss, Symonds, Lionel Walden, Boyden, Marks, Lepeltier, Jansen, René Etienne, Mademoiselle Lenique, MM. Tourillon, Connell, Boufflet, Hernandez, Mademoiselle Perrier, MM. Suau, Levèque, Mallet, Raurich, de Beaumont, Binet, Dechenaud, Thivet, d'Entraygues, Mademoiselle Mouchel, MM. Vedder, Grasset, Jacquot-Defrance, Scalbert, Mademoiselle Watkins, MM. Cadet, Baille, Fougerat, Marchand, Adolphe Gruyer, Madame de Montchenu, MM. Guy, Kugge, Simonidy, Lalauze, Dallier, Apy-Vives, Kahn, Madame de Flotow, MM. Richardson, Vezoux, Lessertisseux, Rousseau and Bauré.

It would be well to remember these names. If the conferring of medals has provoked a merited protest on the part of the

P. BUFFET.

An Abyssinian Valley.

SALON OF 1899

PAUL SWIFT

E. DAMERON.

Paris Seen from the Louvre.

SALON OF 1899

P. CHABAS.

Joyous Gambols.

SALON OF 1899

dissident artists of the National Society of the Fine Arts, we should, however, recognise that it has at least the advantage, perhaps the only one, of designating a certain number of exhibitors and marking their names for future exhibitions. For many years past I have noted all these chosen ones, and shall astonish nobody in saying that the greater number have disappeared in the crowd and are no longer mentioned by anyone. This fact shows

that the giving of travelling scholarships is a better system than the conferring of medals. How much I should like to see these scholarships given, not to talents already enchained by a dogmatic teaching, but to those young artists who, with their deficiencies, inequalities and hesitations, show a determination to develop a personality in the execution of their work and to disregard the whims of fashion. But, unfortunately, the young artists who have faith and who disclose the candid purity of their souls, are of exceptional rarity.

Monday, the 5th of June, was the day selected for the distri-

bution of the Salon Prize and the travelling scholarships. The invitation addressed by the Administration of the Fine Arts to the members of the Superior Council announced that "a meeting will be held at nine o'clock, a.m., precisely, in Gallery I. of the Salon of the Society of French Artists, for the purpose of examining the merits of the various candidates, a list of whose names is herewith enclosed, and of designating the artists to whom the Salon Prize and the travelling scholarships may be awarded. The voting will take place immediately."

It would be useless—for I have vainly tried it during several years past—to demand a less rapid examination of the candidates' merits, and that the works of these competitors who solicit official encouragement should be grouped in this vast hall.

The tradition exists. We have acquired in the countries of the Old World the habit of under-estimating the value of time. We get up too late, we breakfast and dine too late, and we go to bed at unseasonable hours. Naturally, the decisions that we have to adopt are taken too late.

When we examine the list of candidates for the Salon Prize and the travelling scholarships—which includes this year no less than ninety-seven names from which ten or eleven are to be selected—our heart falters.

Here are nearly one hundred young artists whose average age is from twenty-five to thirty-one years and some months—they must not have attained the age of thirty-two years—who have, I am sure, all worked ardently, who are possessed only with the idea of momentarily going out of their own country and of profiting by what they see elsewhere. The thought of earning money has never entered their mind. They long to be able to speak the language they have stammered, and to return fortified by the impressions and the ideas that will have been given to them by their activity, which is indispensable to productiveness.

It would be only equitable to exercise in judging them the

DANIEL RIDGWAY KNIGHT.

A July Morning.

SALON OF 1899

[illegible] Mayo by Gaston Adrien Fouru

A. GRANCHI-TAYLOR.

Fishermen offering their Sardines.

SALON OF 1899

same conscientiousness that they have shown in the execution of the works they submit to the decision of the Superior Council of the Fine Arts. I must frankly say that this conscientiousness is wanting. And among the members of the Council there are several who, victims of this dilatoriness that we show in all things, have not the time to examine, verify and make up their mind, and who, ten days after having honestly voted according to the opinion of those who have seen and examined, but who wish, above all, to make their own desires prevail, regret to have been so prompt in deciding questions that they would have settled otherwise had they been able to reflect about the gravity of their decision.

In the days that I may call the heroic days of the Superior Council of the Fine Arts, when this Council had the great honour of including Ernest Renan and Alexander Dumas among its members, Renan always hesitated to give his vote lightly, and Alexander Dumas, who came in from his country-seat at Marly, gently resigned, voluntarily said to me: "I have not had time to form a judgment. I do not hold in artistic matters the same opinions as you do, but I have full confidence in the indications that you will give me, being assured that if you encourage the abuse of indiscipline you are not a man to countenance vulgarity, for which I have a decided antipathy."

In this connection I may relate that with Puvis de Chavannes I induced Alexander Dumas to vote one year for a painter who is to-day in high favour with the Fine Arts Administration, but who that year received only our three votes. In the following year, when the functionaries came to ask us to vote for this artist, Alexander Dumas could not help laughing heartily: "And to think," said he to me, "that we have always lived in the belief that the noon-day cannon at the Palais-Royal was never behind time! This is one more of those illusions that we must dispel."

I have said that I was quite ready to give a merited encourage-

ment to M. Paul Chabas in case he should be a candidate for the Salon Prize, but if this Salon Prize is not given to M. Boucher, the sculptor, who is a candidate for the Medal of Honour to be voted by the artists, the painter who seems to me best qualified to receive the highest encouragement awarded by the Superior Council of the Fine Arts is, without any doubt, M. Bergès. This artist has already won a travelling scholarship and benefitted by it. He exhibits this year a work that is much superior to his previous efforts and which, however, shows so much ardour that we may reasonably expect everything from a talent which has not yet found its definite form.

It is probable that M. Bergès will not secure a majority of votes in the Superior Council of the Fine Arts precisely because the members of the Council will not find that absence of hesitation which, in my opinion, they unjustly require of every work submitted to their examination. What the Superior Council of the Fine Arts seeks, above all, is the completed work, the imperturbable knowledge, which is a mistake. What it ought to seek, on the contrary, is the germ of talent that develops itself beneath the intensity of life and movement.

It is upon this point that M. Wery and M. Guinier have been mistaken. They have competed for the Salon Prize with almost irreproachable paintings, which causes us to regret the criticism that might be made of their previous compositions. They have weakened their initial qualities in striving after a harmony of execution that has driven them to the commonplace.

The Superior Council of the Fine Arts met on Monday, June 5, for the purpose of awarding the Salon Prize and the travelling scholarships. The meeting was presided by M. Henry Roujon, Director of the Fine Arts.

After the traditional visit the members of the Council took their seats around a green-baize table. The ushers passed the urn, and at the second balloting M. Paul Chabas received the national prize,

G. HARCOURT.

Too Late!

SALON OF 1899

A. L. DEMONT.

The Shower.

SALON OF 1899

having as competitors M. Boucher, the sculptor, and M. Bergès. On the morning of the vote M. Chabas announced that he was a candidate only for the Salon Prize and not for a travelling scholarship.

M. Paul Chabas having been declared the winner of the Salon Prize, the Council proceeded to award the nine travelling scholar-

ships, three for the painters, three for the sculptors, two for the architects and one for the engravers. Perhaps the architects would have done well this year to cede one of their two scholarships to the painters, who presented a large number of candidates, and this with all the more reason because Paris has been given entirely into their hands for the past four years in view of the Universal Exhibition of 1900; but they claimed their rights. In the section of artistic objects no ambition was manifested by the exhibitors, and everything remained in *statu quo*.

Mademoiselle Angela Delasalle, M. Eugene Loup and M. Victor Bourgeois obtained the three travelling scholarships awarded to painters.

Mademoiselle Delasalle exhibits this year not only two pictures, *A Digger* and *An Evening at Saint-Cloud*, but the sketches as well. The two paintings are unusually strong in execution for a woman, and possess a true poetic sentiment.

M. Ferdinand Piet, a member of the National Society of Fine Arts and a real painter, obtained several votes on the first balloting.

M. Eugene Loup shows this year at the Salon of the National Society of the Fine Arts three pastels, *Revery*, *Repose*, and *A Study*.

M. Victor Bourgeois, the third successful candidate, belongs to the Society of French Artists and makes a very fine display with the *Close of a Hard Day* and the portrait of his father, both of which denote very high qualities.

At the first balloting M. Charles Hoffbauer received several votes for his *War*, which is the vigorous expression of an idea much superior to the average of those that form the subjects of the Salon pictures.

M. Abel Dominic Rozier was not, and could not be, upon the list of competitors, but he is a fine painter, and one of whom we may predict a brilliant future.

MM. George Emile Giran, Hawkins, Jules Levis and Flandrin received a few votes.

The *Source*, by M. Maxence, although slightly obscure, is one of the good pictures exhibited at the Salon of the Society of French Artists.

Have I spoken of the landscape-painters? I believe I have mentioned M. Harpignies, M. Busson and M. Petitjean. I must also cite in the Salon of the Society of French Artists some of the efforts worthy of interest, some of the results that ought to

W. DE LEFTWICH-DODGE.

Tenochtitlan's Last Days. An Episode in the Conquest of Mexico by Cortez.

SALON OF 1899

be noticed. First of all, M. Bonnat's landscape; the *Pond*, a little beyond measure, by M. Salle; *The Farm-yard*, by M. Bouché; *A View of Gillevoisin*, by M. Garaud; *A November Fog*, by M. Boucher; *Mother Mathieu's Orchard*, by M. Cartier; the *Park at Villeneuve-l'Étang*, by M. Biva; the works of MM. Breuer, His, Fath, Vergez and Liot; *On the Borders of the Odet*, by M. Isenbart. MM. Joubert, Dargent, Chabanian, Bollier, Dambeza, Desbrosses, Leconte, Radinsky, Binet, Auburtin, Cabié, Lainé, Roullet, Grinchand, Schryver, Gagliardini, Salis, Sebilleau and others whom I forget, are conscientious and frequently attractive artists.

I must hasten to pass into the sculpture garden. The jury of the Salon of the Society of French Artists has here given two Medals of Honour, one to M. Ernest Dubois and the other to M. Emile Boisseau.

The *Pardon*, a marble group ordered by the French Government, is of fine inspiration, but the transfer into marble has caused M. Dubois's group to lose the suppleness it had in the plaster cast; still, the material having been selected from among the finest quality of marble, the charm remains.

M. Boisseau, with his *Diogenes*, has not been so successful from this point of view, but his technical execution has given a better result.

These two pieces render the greatest honour to our contemporaneous school of sculpture and have their places marked, not at the Luxemburg, which is overcrowded, but in one of the numerous public squares of Paris, where so many works console us for the monuments that encumber our public places.

I confess that I am very much pleased with the display made by M. John Boucher, a pupil of MM. Falguières and Mercié. M. John Boucher deserves to be distinguished the same as MM. Dubois and Boisseau, although his group that he calls *Evening* suffers from the inferior material employed; the marble chosen is of a very coarse grain. His other group, in plaster, *Antique and Modern*, is of a calm and beautiful inspiration.

The ancients have particularly distinguished themselves at the Salon of 1899.

M. Paul Dubois, member of the Institute and Director of the School of Fine Arts, exhibits a wax group entitled *Souvenir*, *Fragment of a Monument*, and which is a complete and touching monument, and one of the most perfect works of the author of *Joan of Arc*.

I have recently seen again the *Joan of Arc*, in front of the admirable cathedral at Rheims, which the diocesan authorities are repairing with a savageness not to be excused by the dilapidated condition of the edifice. There are moments when our old monuments ought to perish like old trees, like everything, for that matter, in this lower world. What we should claim, however, is that their physiognomy be preserved as long as possible, but it is inexcusable to change this physiognomy under pretext of a restoration.

M. Paul Dubois should consent to have his fragment reproduced in *cire perdue* and authorise M. Barbedienne, M. Thiébault or M. Siot-Decauville to make, under his own supervision, small reproductions of this *Souvenir*, which all Frenchmen who have not forgotten would be glad to possess.

The statue of *Vestrepain*, a popular poet, destined for the city of Toulouse, by M. Antonin Mercié, is a masterpiece of life and ingenuous impression. M. Falguière has not been so lucky with his *Balzac;* but M. Falguière is such a conscientious artist that he will certainly retouch a work which he cannot consider as yet being final.

M. Fremiet exhibits the plaster model of the colossal statue that the Suez Canal Company purposes to erect at the entrance of the Canal in honour of Ferdinand de Lesseps, and for the unveiling of which the Prince of Arenberg has already sent out numerous invitations.

Will the day ever come when the iconoclasts will pull down the monument erected in memory of the Great Frenchman? We do

A. FALGUIÈRE.

Balzac.

SALON DE 1899

E. BARRIAS.

Nature Revealing Herself.

SALON OF 1899

MOREAU-NERET.

An Autumnal Harmony.

SALON OF 1899

not believe it will; but we may fear anything from the passions of the present time. It is not enough that a man of genius consecrated his whole existence to enterprises that honour humanity and transform all the conditions of trade and manufactures. The personal interests that were deceived in their last hopes born of the firm faith in Ferdinand de Lesseps, voluntarily forget the prosperous days and remember only the unfortunate hours. The human mind is thus made. And when we think that if, in America as in Egypt, Ferdinand de Lesseps had received the support of far-seeing Governments, M. Fremiet might have had two monuments to make instead of one!

Nature Revealing Herself, a polychrome marble statue, where M. Barrias has skilfully used the Algerian onyxes, is one of the attractions of the sculpture section of the Salon of the Society of French Artists. M. Barrias has spent years in obtaining this very remarkable result. The pliability of the veil, its colouring, the tone of the garment, which recalls the most marvellous

Indian stuffs, and the naive impression of the head offer the spectacle of an incomparable purity of line and richness of colours. The Romans made a great deal of polychrome sculpture. In our day, M. Thomas has sculptured two stately caryatides for the Grand Opera. M. Cordier had previously tried in the same line of work these very Algerian onyxes used by M. Barrias, whose work is superior to anything of the kind that has been done thus far. And yet we must recognise that sculpture requires a unity of tone, and however successful may be the essays such as M. Barrias has attempted, polychromy always gives a withered aspect to the work covered with its brilliant colours.

M. Gerome is fond of amusing researches. This year he has given his time to statuettes. Yesterday it was Bonaparte; to-day it is Frederick II. M. Gerome has made to-day what he made yesterday, a precious trinket.

We must admire M. Gardet's *Lion*, but we must also say to this artist that he should beware of his first and very legitimate successes, and not reduce his execution to such a simplicity as to lose sight of the interesting researches of his early works.

The marble group by M. Raoul Larche, entitled *Violets*, is one of the most pleasing compositions that could be imagined. M. Larche has treated his subject intelligently, and the Government in buying his group has made a very good acquisition.

M. Henry Allouard's *Lord's Prayer* deserves a mention.

Mademoiselle Jane Itasse has a well-modelled *Bacchante* of fine appearance.

A Bargeman, by Mademoiselle Gabrielle Dumontet, should, according to our idea, have received more attention from the jury.

The marble group *Remorse*, by M. Aimé Octobre, has very justly obtained a first-class medal.

M. John Carlus, who exhibits *the Monument Raised in Memory of the Three Teachers of the Aisne Department Shot by the Prussians in 1870*, has obtained a like recompense.

LUIGI LOIR.

The Porte-Maillot – A Snow Effect at Twilight.

SALON OF 1899

LOIR LUIGI

M. Denys Puech has sent only a bust this year. Let us hope that for the Salon of 1900 M. Puech will give us the statue of Mademoiselle Emma Calvé in the part of Ophelia, which he is now making for the triumphant cantatrice of the Grand Opera, who is also lady of the manor at Cabrières.

M. Antonin Carlès, whose talent I admire very much, exhibits a fine marble group, *Juno*, and a delicious portrait.

It is profoundly regrettable that the Exhibition of 1900, which absorbs the time of so many of the best artists, has prevented M. Steiner from sending any work to the Salon of 1899.

The jury of the Salon of the Society of French Artists has very wisely given second-class medals to M. Villeneuve, for his *Marsyas*, to M. Grosjean for his *Diogenes*, to M. Roger Bloch for his *Infant*, to M. Peter Laurent for his *Hero*, to Mademoiselle Itasse for her *Bacchante* and to M. Picard for his *Young Girl in the Tomb*.

The *Sleeping Sapho*, by Madame Margaret Syamour, obtained only a third-class medal. Perhaps it merited a higher recompense.

M. Peter Aubert's plaster group, *The Source and the Genius of the Waves*, has a strongly-accentuated expression.

Eve Recovering Abel's Body, by M. Albert Guilloux, is a study full of promise.

M. Curillon, with his statue entitled *In the Woods*, holds high the flag of the School of Fine Arts of Lyons, and the jury did right in giving him a reward.

There are very great qualities in M. Frederick Tourte's *Return of the Faithless One*.

M. Moreau-Vauthier worthily sustains his father's name.

M. Grandmaison, of Toulouse, has made two interesting low-reliefs for M. Lumière, of Lyons, *The Arts* and *Science*. In M. Grandmaison's hands, at least, *Science* has not become bankrupt.

Mr. Richard E. Brooks, who comes from Massachusetts, exhi-

bits a plaster statue of Colonel Thomas Cass, to be erected in one of the public squares at Boston, which shows that they have, on the other side of the Atlantic, a very original notion of modernism. Mr. Brooks's statue is very well conceived.

The sculpture display at the Salon of the Society of French Artists is, perhaps, less remarkable than in previous years if we look at it in its entirety; but we should note the interesting efforts and the stronger determination to leave aside academical figures and observe what is going on in the world.

M. Larche's *Violets*, which I have already mentioned, indicates very well this determination.

The Superior Council of the Fine Arts has awarded three travelling scholarships to MM. Laurent, Grosjean and Guittet. M. Badin, of Toulouse, twice came near defeating M. Guittet, who, having obtained on the first balloting one more voice than his rival, won over the hesitating voters.

The Source Sleeps, a marble group by M. Badin, has some noble qualities, and his bust of a young girl must have particularly pleased his master, Falguière. All Toulouse, besides, wished to do honour to M. Badin. M. Gheusi charged himself with the writing of the verse that suggested the subject of the marble group:

> La source dort, blottie au seuil neigeux des cimes.
> Demain, mirant son cours dans le cristal des eaux,
> Ses flots purs creuseront, à travers les roseaux
> Un lit de gués en fleurs et de calmes abîmes.

M. Gailhard, one of the managers of the Grand Opera, who has himself exhibited a bold figure and one not without merit, had warmly recommended M. Badin, and the Superior Council of the Fine Arts accepted this recommendation made with the good grace that distinguishes Master Vestrepain's pupil. Unfortunately, all this was not sufficient, and it must be admitted that M. Guittet's *Narcissus* possesses a special fascination and an attractive charm.

W. MAC-EWEN.

A Dutch Child.

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A. GOSSELIN.

On the Brink of the Pond at Sunrise.

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It would be quite unjust not to mention in this review of the sculpture the two pieces exhibited by M. Bartholdi, the *Monument to the French Soldiers who died at Schinznach, in Switzerland*, in the terrible year, and the *Project for a Monument in Honour of Lafayette and American Independence*. It is also our duty to signalise M. Cordonnier's group and the bronze bust by Mademoiselle Amelia Colombier.

And if I follow the alphabetical order I recommend M. Maurice Ferrary's *Salammbô* and the contributions by MM. Gasq, Gaudez, Lange Guglielmo, Hercule, Hugoulin, Icard, Labatut, Hector Lemaire, Etienne Leroux, Letourneau, Loiseau-Rousseau, Marioton, Marqueste, Massoulle, Mademoiselle Monginot, MM. Ogé, Paris, Plé, Mademoiselle Renée de Pont-Jest, MM. Rolard, Thabard, Tourgueneff, Charles Valton and Verlet.

The engravers of medals have made great progress during the last few years. MM. Chaplain, Roty and Daniel Dupuis have even been chosen to give the French Republic three new types of coins,

the strongest of which are due to MM. Chaplain and Dupuy, while the most attractive one is the work of M. Roty. That Messrs. Chaplain, Roty and Daniel Dupuis are incomparable artists in the engraving of medals, I hasten to loudly proclaim with all those have had in their hands the pure masterpieces made by these artists ; but coins are another matter, and I retain all my admiration for the amplitude and robustness of the splendid moneys of Hellas and Sicily. Besides the masters whom I have just cited, the art of engraving medals includes some practitioners worthy of all our attention, I was about to say all our respect, for the conscientiousness they show in all of their very remarkable productions.

I do not speak only of M. Maximilian Bourgeois, who is no longer entirely young, but of the new comers, of M. Alphonso Lechevrel and M. Gaulard.

The frames containing the various pieces engraved by M. Lechevrel and M. Gaulard are worth a careful examination, but the visitors to the Salon do not, unfortunately, stop long before them. The jury, however, has rendered justice to these artists by awarding them first-class medals, the same as it has signalised M. Delpech, M. George Dupré and M. Legastelois.

Engraving upon fine stones is losing ground every day, and this is to be regretted.

A part of the Salon that is rarely visited, almost as rarely as the architectural section and the engraving galleries, is the space reserved for the drawings, cartoons, water-colours, miniatures, stained-glass windows, porcelaines and earthenware. Some real discoveries, however, can be made in these rooms. We sometimes find here the first idea of a number of pictures exhibited in the painting section or of compositions shown in the sculpture garden.

What could be more interesting, for example, than the two pastels by M. Charles Cesbron? What an exquisite freshness in his *Frieze of Roses!*

EDGARD MAXENCE.

Portrait of M. L.

SALON OF 1899

M. Jules Adler's charcoal-pencil sketch of *A Beggar* is superbly executed.

The water-colours by the late Augustus Allongé, *A Road at Plombières* and *A Brook at Plombières*, show what a loss French art has sustained by the disappearance of this valiant artist.

M. Zachary Astruc, one of our old strugglers, has lost none of his masterly skill in his water-colours, *Venetian Vase* and the *Château of Romorantin*.

Mademoiselle Julienne Aubry treats in a marvellous way her miniature of a *Child's Portrait*.

Mademoiselle Amelia Beaury-Saurel, who exhibits a very good oil-portrait of Judge Ballot-Beaupré, of the Court of Cassation, also has a charcoal-pencil sketch and a pastel that possess superior merit.

Mademoiselle Jane Berr de Turrique has painted in water-colours some peonies of a rare brilliancy.

M. Beronneau's *Orpheus*, in red chalk and water-colours, recalls the best sketches of the last century.

Mademoiselle Marie Besson is a past master in the art of painting portraits upon porcelain.

M. Ernest Boetzel's charcoal-pencil sketches have long been known. This year he exhibits a portrait of M. Gaston Menier, member of the Chamber of Deputies.

Mr. Frank Boggs, an American, who has made some views of Paris that are highly appreciated, has sent to the Salon this year *A Street in Dol*, which can only strengthen his great and legitimate reputation as a water-colour painter.

I am sorry not to find among the drawings anything by Madame Brouardel, the wife of the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, who exhibits a portrait in the section of painting. Her talent would very well adapt itself to the handling of pastel crayons.

Mr. Arthur Burrington possesses the real and good traditions of the English water-colour painters.

M. Henry Cain, who contributes important works each year to the section of painting, has contented himself this time in sending a pastel portrait.

M. Louis Robert Carrier-Belleuse shows an equal superiority in all kinds of art. In the section of painting he exhibits a picture entitled *On the Eve of a Fête in the Sixteenth Century;* in the department of drawings he displays a portrait, and in the gallery devoted to decorative art he has a polychrome statuette of *Juno.*

Signore Giuseppe Casciaro, a Neapolitan, works in pastel with considerable intelligence and a real talent. His views of Castellamare and Amalfi are very amusing. I remember to have seen some time ago exhibited in the window of a shop in the Rue Scribe, a small sketch of the bridge at Bougival, which was extraordinarily accurate, especially in the sky effect.

Mademoiselle Angela Delasalle shows two first sketches for the two paintings that won for her a travelling scholarship: *A Digger* and *An Evening at Saint-Cloud.*

Mademoiselle Louise de Hem merits every encouragement. Her pastel, a *Meadow in Flanders*, is even more than a promise.

M. Desvalliers has a pastel that is much preferable to his painting entitled *Triomphant Flora.*

It is well to retain the name of M. John Joseph Enders as that of a determined artist. He continues the excellent tradition of his illustrious fellow-townsman John Gigoux.

M. Francis Flameng excells in compositions for illustrated magazines.

M. Giacomelli sends from his retreat at Sainte-Anne-l'Oradour, in the Puy-de-Dôme Department, two charming water-colours: *An Accident* and *Around the Pot.* The painter of birds has not, I hope, said adieu to Paris, which loves him and will not forget him. Ah, the good old days when we were at Versailles on that delicious road to Clagny, where we heard the nightingale sing and where, during the cool evenings, we followed the elegant curves

J. MONGE.

« The Baptism of Fire. » Lieutenant Rozier de Linage at the Battle of Oued-Boulane, in Algeria, May 4th., 1841.

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T. MAYAN.

A Morning Meeting in Provence.

SALON OF 1899

of the flying swallows! Alas, those happy hours fleeted by years ago! Since then M. Giacomelli has transported his marvellous collections to his home in Auvergne, and it is only occasionally that we get a glimpse of him in the course of the summer at Royat or at Châtel-Guyon, always young, alert and invariably in a hurry, skipping, like his models, from branch to branch, never

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able to remain in the same place. M. Eugene Grandsire is also a contemporary of those enthusiastic times. He never grows tired. He exhibits this year in the section of painting and in that of designs.

Why has he given up making those illustrations with which he honoured the *Magasin Pittoresque* and so many other publications?

I should like to have found in the gallery of drawings something by M. Granié, who has just finished a portrait of Mademoiselle Moreno, of the Comédie-Française, which I recently saw in his studio in the Avenue Victor Hugo; the portrait is a master-

piece. M. Granié does not like public exhibitions. Perhaps he is right; they are places where it is necessary to cry aloud in order be heard, and M. Granié's melodies require meditation to be appreciated as they deserve.

Russia is represented in the series of drawings by the productions of M. Gritzenko, highly esteemed on the other side of the Vistula, and which we examine curiously with the respect we owe to the painting of our allies.

Let us extend a greeting to M. Guildry, Mademoiselle Labarthe, M. Lalauze, M. Laurent-Desrousseaux, Mr. Walter MacEwen, M. Maxence, M. Gaston Mélingue and my old friend M. Charles Monginot, who handles the pencil not less skilfully than he does the brush. Charles Monginot's destiny is a strange one. His first works were decidedly original, and he thought that they would suffice to attract the attention of the Fine Arts Administration and win for him the decoration of the Legion of Honour, which the Fine Arts Department obtains from the Government with so much prodigality for so many others. But, the day when M. Monginot found that it was essential, in order to obtain this distinction, to make the application which others, more wary, had made, he was frankly told, as well as those who took an interest in him, that it was strange he had not been thought of before for this honorary reward, but now it was rather late!

M. Alexander Nozal shows the same skill in water-colours as in oil-painting. No one understands better than he how to make the light twinkle through masses of reed-grass. The *Moonrise at Twilight*, a water-colour touched up with gouache, sketched at Villeneuve-l'Étang, and *Evening in the Roads at Concarneau*, are as captivating as the *Wheat Fields of Baudéan* or the *Closing Hours of a November Day in the Camargue Country*, which he exhibits in the section of painting.

M. Maurice Orange has sent to the Salon a superb *Souvenir of Jersey*, and M. Remo Paganini handles the pen with the same

L. PERRAULT

The First Murder.

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spirited fancy as his illustrious namesake wielded the violin-bow.

We again meet in the gallery of drawings M. Pointelin, M. Rigolot, M. Sabbatté, M. Souza-Pinto, M. de Vuillefroy and one of the masters whose works sent each year to the Water-Colour Exhibition always make a sensation : M. John Henry Zuber, a native of our dear Alsatia, and an artist who has the sentiment of the grand French tradition.

I have said that the art of engraving upon fine stones was declining. Miniature-painting is also degenerating. I promised myself that when I came to speak of the miniatures I would recall what had been accomplished in this essentially French art, especially by John Honoré Fragonard and Peter Adolphus Hall, and that I would say with what a broad touch these two great artists had treated portraits upon ivory or upon vellum. I will content myself with advising our modern miniature-painters to go to the Louvre, where, notwithstanding the incompleteness of the collection, they will find some admirable models that offer useful suggestions.

I know, besides, of a private collection in which there is a perfect masterpiece in the art of miniature-painting; it is the only painting upon ivory ever made by my friend Edward Manet. The colouring of this piece is astonishingly fresh and brilliant. The woman's face, treated in large grounds of light standing out in relief upon a deep-blue background, is exquisitely expressive. The hair and garments recall rather the manner of Franz Hals than that of Peter Adolphus Hall, and it is a real joy to remain in contemplation of this intensity of life obtained by such simple means.

Why do not Mademoiselle Goodwin, one of Raphael Collin's pupils, and Mademoiselle Antoinette Raoux, who make pastels, and Mademoiselle de Serbonnes, who devotes her talent to water-colours, all distinguished by a genuine originality, apply themselves to miniature-painting?

In the section of engraving and lithography the artists seem to be struck by the mechanical processes of reproduction and to be somewhat dismayed.

M. Alasonière, however, exhibits a fine etching, *The Holy Family*, after a red-chalk drawing by Correggio. M. Alasonière is one of the brilliant pupils of Master Desboutin.

M. Albert Ardail has executed the *Inspiration*, after Fragonard, for the French Etchers' Society, and the *Ex-Voto*, after M. Royer's painting, for the Committee of the Friends of Art.

M. Barbotin remains faithful to line engraving, and exhibits a fine proof of Prudhon's *Love and Innocence*, made for the "Review of Ancient and Modern Art."

M. Bellay, also a burinist, has successfully engraved a head of Christ.

M. Bénard's lithograph representing the *Paris Hôtel de Ville*, or City Hall, has its place marked in the Carnavalet Museum.

M. Boilvin's plate, after Dagnan-Bouveret's *Pilgrims of Emmaus*, is a masterly work that will be very much in demand.

M. François Coppée has had the good fortune to have his writings illustrated by M. Louis Boutelié, and the "Review of Ancient and Modern Art" has done well in confiding to M. Emile John Buland the *Portrait of Marie Antoinette*, by Madame Vigée-Le Brun, and to M. Burney the *Virgin and Child*, by Piero della Francesca.

If the high-class art publications did not come to the aid of the Louvre Chalcography Department, which was well inspired in ordering a reproduction by M. Chenay of Quentin de la Tour's *Portrait of Madame de Pompadour*, the etchers, line engravers and photographers would not have much to do. If these publications could increase their circulation, which I earnestly hope they may do, they would be able to develop one of the most interesting branches of art. With their support and that of the Louvre and Luxemburg Museums, and also the enlightened zeal of some connoisseurs, the section of lithography and engraving, in

F. ROBERT-FLEURY.

A Reader.

SALON OF 1899

Ph. Adolf Braun, Dornach

THEODORE RALLI.

A View, Jerusalem, 1898

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which we must not forget wood-engraving, might maintain its interest and even increase it.

I must mention among the most courageous and industrious workers in the art of reproduction, Messrs. Brauer, Broquelet, Brunet-Debaisnes, Champollion, Crauk, Desbrosses, Dubouchet, Faivre, Faulkner, Camille Fonce, Gaujean, Gautier, Greilsamer, Peter Gusman,

Herbinier, Hotin, Achille and Jules Jacquet, Jarraud, Jourdain, Journot, Laguillermie, Lalauze, Lefort, Los-Rios, Maurou, Patricot, Payrau, Pirodon, Peter Marcel Roy, Ruet, Ruffe, Sourbier, Van der Put, Vergnes, Henry Wolf, and others whom I forget.

At the Salon of the Society of French Artists the section of artistic objects is called the "Section of Decorative Art."

At the beginning this section was microscopic; all the objects might have been held in the hollow of the hand. To-day it has become almost as large as the same section at the National Society of the Fine Arts.

We must acknowledge that the painters and sculptors have made up their minds to contribute to the brilliancy of the display in this section.

We here find, first of all, a *Frieze-Panel in the Louis XIV. style*, by M. Achille-Cesbron; a gilt-bronze and ivory, *Young Girl of Bou Saâda*, by M. Barrias, member of the Institute; an *Alsatian Clock*, by M. Bartholdi; a *Pewter Plate*, by M. Boucher; an *Inkstand*, by M. Maurice Bonval; a *Mirror* and a *Vase*, by M. George Busson; a polychrome terra-cotta bust of *Juno*, by M. Carrier-Belleuse; a *Monumental Chimney-piece*, by M. Charpentier; an *Epergne*, by M. Vital Cornu; a *Paper-Weight*, by M. Simon Gonzalès; a *Screen*, by M. Ferdinand Levillain; an *Inkstand*, by M. Loiseau-Bailly; a *Ring-Box*, by M. Maillard; a *Fountain*, by M. Marquet; *Vases and Jewels*, by M. Moreau-Vauthier; a flat *Candlestick*, by M. Charles Muller; *Jewels*, by M. Novak; a *Vase*, by M. Peyre; two *Candelabra*, by M. Henry Plé; a *Decorative Panel*, by M. Radio; *Marbles, Bronzes and Ivories*, by M. Theodore Rivière; *Stoneware*, by M. Saunier; a *Frieze*, by M. Tapissier; a *Triptych*, by Mademoiselle Pauline Testard; *Vases and Cameos*, by M. George Tonnelier; a *Pewter Mug*, by Mademoiselle Enid Yandell.

At the head of the specialists who devote themselves entirely to decorative art, we must cite Madame Jane Edwards, *née* Charcot, who, in the art of binding, exhibits some panels in embossed and sculptured leather that denote a manly force.

M. Peter Ruban has two remarkable bindings, the *Poems of Francis Villon* and the *Nuits*, by Alfred de Musset.

M. Rudaux, or rather Messrs. Rudaux, have some covers in incised leather that are worthy of attention.

I must cite Madame Andrea de Lignereux, Messrs. Albrizio, Maurice Louis Berthe, Madame Henrietta Desauty, M. Félix Dewatines and Messrs. Jonquière and Pinel, who have together made a binding in marquetery and tinted leather with pyrogravure.

HENRY ROYER

Evening in Flanders.

SALON OF 1899

The *Readers*, by Messrs. Benedictus and Seguy, are amusing with their fine-stone ornaments.

In the Salon of the Society of French Artists the artist who, above all, attracts the attention of visitors, and especially of the women, is M. Lalique, the jewel-worker. He is a seeker who justly receives the admiration of his contemporaries; but, as I remarked last year, his highly-finished art, which unites reminiscences to innovations of a frequently heavy style, is excessively refined. I do not at all protest against M. Lalique's success; I merely say that more simplicity would not lessen the ingenuity of his compositions.

M. René Foy is less admired than M. Lalique, and yet he has made some happy discoveries. Messrs. Camille Gueyton and Edward Colonna, in this same series, ought not to be passed over in silence.

M. Louis Maurice Faure, son of my friend, M. John Faure of the Grand Opera, has made a veritable masterpiece with his *Candelabrum*. M. Maurice Faure is, besides, an artist with a great future before him. The water-colours that he exhibited this year at the exhibition of the French Water-Colour Society have, by their free execution and truthful accent, produced a most lively impression.

M. George Engrand has two *Bronze Cups* and a *Flower Stand* worthy of his previous exhibitions.

If the members of the Society of French Artists handle iron, copper and pewter with great facility, if their embossed leathers are superior, everything, in the pottery line is much below the work exhibited in the Salon of the neighbouring Society.

This year the architects have no reason to complain. Paris has been given up to them, and they are now busy in erecting palaces for the Exhibition of 1900, reconstructing old edifices, building huts for the different colonial displays or galleries for the products of private imagination, which is fruitful in panoramic developments. Notwithstanding these numerous occupations

the architects have found time to send to the Salon of the Society of French Artists plans, sections and elevations which leave the visitors indifferent but have the power of interesting their peers to such an extent that at the meeting of the Superior Council of the Fine Arts, M. Vaudremer was obliged to give the casting vote for the two travelling scholarships.

Messrs. Boutron and Sainsaulieu were the lucky ones.

M. Boutron is a pupil of Messrs. Guadet and Paulin. He exhibits this year a plan showing the present state as well as the *Restoration of the Thermal Baths of Augusta Trevirorum* (Fourth Century).

M. Sainsaulieu, a pupil of Messrs. Moyaux and Boeswilwald, has sent the *Restoration of the Abbey of Fontenelle, at Saint-Wandrille, in the Seine-Inférieure*, and a *Project for an Artist's House at Lille.*

M. Viatte presented, in company with M. Guédy, a plan for the *Restoration of the Abbey of Jumièges*, but this work did not sufficiently please the masters who decided the awarding of the travelling scholarships.

When we walk through the galleries devoted to the architectural plans we are agreeably surprised by the effort shown in nearly all the projects to reach a simplicity which is to our honour and glory, and which will be visible ere long, we hope, in constructions less exotic than those that have sprung up in Paris during the past few years.

After having ran over the section of painting in the Salon of the Society of French Artists and examined the productions in the various departments of sculpture, engraving, architecture, water-colours, pastels and decorative art, we are naturally led to ask whether the artistic power of France has weakened. Are we less brilliant, less productive than in recent years?

There can be no doubt that however great may be the efforts of imagination, however attentive we may be to the interpretation

LIONEL ROYER

Vercingetorix in Presence of Cesar

SALON OF 1899

OCTOBRE.

Remorse.

SALON OF 1899

of antique art, which was so much in vogue at the beginning of this century, however desirous the artists may show themselves to observe and directly translate the impressions of nature, as was done with such great superiority after the termination of the romanticist exaggerations, we are visibly in a period of decline.

But I sincerely say that these hesitations and weaknesses do not frighten me. French art has often had its eclipses, but it has constantly recovered itself. And, as I declared last year, nothing can make us, as the pessimists say, foresee a downfall. Everything, on the contrary, announces a near renewal.

If, indeed, we seek the conditions of the development of certain systems of teaching, we discover that the moment is not far off when these systems will become exhausted in theory and in practice, and the new form of taste, which finds its attraction in the representation of the doings of the society in which we live, will tend more and more to captivate the mind.

The crowd to-day is no longer charmed by the revival of the things of the past. It prefers contemporaneous events; and, in a little while we shall see all these reconstructions of disappeared

scenes neglected, in spite of all the science that artists may put into this work, and popular favour given to the representation of a spectacle that the people will have itself seen and observed, and in which it will have taken part.

Suppose, for an instant, that the *Paternal Kiss*, by Eugene Feyen, were treated with the skill that M. Luigi Loir puts into his views of Paris, to take a modern example; with the truthful accent that Courbet gave to his *Sleeping Woman* or with the superior will that M. Ingres shows even to the smallest details in his portrait of M. Bertin; then we should see the same sympathy bestowed on this picture that was manifested, after prolonged disdain, towards the most recent masterpieces of the French School.

I am here speaking to the young artists, whom we should always encourage, and I say to them: Nothing is so cruel as figures. Now the total receipts at the two Salons of 1899 have been meagre, and for what reason? Because the Machine Gallery was a long distance from the centre of Paris? Not at all. The reason is to be found in the want of interest, in the uniformity of the works exhibited, in the repetition of formulas born of a doctrine that has had its day. It is no longer sufficient to present us the close and compact ranks of clever painters. What the public wants is a forward movement of the sincere artists.

We are on the eve of the triumph of good sense and the failure of what is useless.

I insist upon this expression of "what is useless." There is, in fact, not a really gifted artist who, the pencil, the brush or the chisel in hand, has risked a superfluous accent.

The Salon of the Society of French Artists was closed on Monday, July 3, by the ceremony of the distribution of recompenses, which was held in the Machine Gallery. M. John Paul Laurens, President of the Society of French Artists, pronounced a remarkable discourse upon this occasion.

J. H. ZUBER.

The Champs-Elysées — Project for a Decorative Panel, or for Tapestry.

SALON OF 1899

Last year M. John Paul Laurens had, under like circumstances, expressed his regret at the invasion of the wall-space by amateurs. This year he took as the subject of his address the virtues that are requisite for artists.

"Kindliness," he said, "is essential for an artist. Kindliness and sincerity are the two most profound sources of a work of art. The works that last have their principal strength in these two indispensable qualities, to which alone the future renders justice. But these two qualities are, alas, closely followed by their sister, anxiety, that agonising pain which torments the artist without his being able to calm it."

Nothing could be better expressed. But M. John Paul Laurens will permit us to observe that the ceremony at which he presided, the same as the orders carelessly given or purchases of inferior pictures, are not calculated to calm this anxiety to which he made allusion; on the contrary, they frequently check the enthusiasm of artists capable of striking out into new paths.

M. John Paul Laurens added that "for the firm and energetic artist the recompense is only a rapid joy. If he really thinks of the morrow, what influence can these transient satisfactions have upon him? None whatever, for he knows that to-day is as nothing, and that it is the future which counts. Therefore, I say to the young men, work unceasingly. If your success comes late, so much the worse. If it does not come during your lifetime you will at least have the consolation, after a sincere existence, of having added a stone to the edifice that will be raised for others and which, perhaps, would not have been built without your aid."

These are noble words, such as we might expect from an artist with so grand a character as M. John Paul Laurens; but they are, unhappily, in contradiction with the customs of the Society of French Artists.

I am quite ready to admit that the practice of conferring

medals can be justified to a certain extent. But how many artists see in these medals not what M. John Paul Laurens would have them see—an encouragement to produce a stronger work, to rise to a conception of genius—but the recompense of a talent definitely established, giving a right to the artist thus distinguished to importune the Fine Arts Administration for official orders, and to solicit a nomination and successive promotions in the Legion of Honour, at the same time contenting himself with the single effort that won for him his medal.

The same day that M. John Paul Laurens delivered his address in the Machine Gallery M. Leo Bonnat sent a report to the Minister of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts, giving an account of the doings of the Committee on National Monuments.

In this report, which enumerates the acquisitions made during the year, M. Bonnat discusses two questions : the danger for the Louvre Museum of having in the same building a public administration, and the great circumspection needed in future purchases, the Louvre already possessing too many works not worthy of figuring beside the masterpieces that make the collection in our national museum the richest and most complete of any public museum in the world.

Everything that M. John Paul Laurens says or that M. Leo Bonnat writes is of capital importance. They are both men who love art, who collect for their personal pleasure inestimable artistic treasures, and whose opinions are authoritative.

I have just said that I was not alarmed about the future of the French School, that I was persuaded that after the series of those neglected artists who, according to M. Laurens's expression, have not known what glory is during their lives, there would appear artists imbued with strong faith and who would continue the superb work to which the others had devoted themselves with such an admirable pride and a perfect contempt for the insults heaped upon them.

PAUL SAIN.

The Sleep of the Water Lillies.

SALON OF 1899

But, if we touch upon the question of our national museums, while felicitating M. Bonnat for finally having courageously declared that the Louvre contained too many inferior works that might be withdrawn without any inconvenience, we will ask the eminent reporter of the Committee on National Monuments if he does not think that the French School occupies too modest a space in the Louvre, that the Italian School has too large a place, and that the Spanish and German Schools are not sufficiently represented?

For the German and Spanish Schools we are obliged to wait until occasion offers. We have missed some good opportunities, but shall probably find others.

As for the French School, which during so many years has produced innumerable works not only at the annual Salons but in smaller exhibitions, it crowds, thanks to gifts, the too limited galleries of the Luxemburg Museum; these gifts are sometimes precious but occasionally painfully eclectic. The works of the French School, even those of the highest quality, enter the Louvre with the greatest difficulty.

We have there only an incomplete eighteenth century and some rare masterpieces of the nineteenth.

It is only very recently that a place has been made for the interesting English landscapes and portraits of the beginning of this century.

When, after the success of these attractive English works, a whiff of youth has revived all our artistic researches, we ought not to close the windows, remain in contemplation of the past and invoke I know not what regulations in order to prevent giving at the Louvre the place that belongs to the works of our own school.

M. Leo Bonnat is too broad-minded not to encourage such desires.

The arrangement of most of the rooms at the Louvre is

defective. These rooms should be transformed so as to let in the ray of sun which gives us joy when we see it dart upon these canvasses that have been brought together by the intelligence of so many collectioners.

There was recently held at Brussels an International Congress of Public Art, whose proceedings are in the highest degree interesting for the future of our exhibitions, and especially for our annual Salons.

M. Broermand had invited to this Congress representatives from Paris, Rome, London, Buda Pest, Vienna, Prague, Cologne, Amsterdam, Stockholm, Strasburg, Boston, Aix-la-Chapelle and other cities. Delegates from numerous societies were present.

The programme of the Congress comprised the study of three questions :

1.—Public art from a legislative and reglementary point of view.

2.—Public art from a social point of view.

3.—Public art from a technical point of view.

On the first question M. Holbach read a remarkable report full of facts. He declared that if Governments were to occupy themselves about artistic matters it should be only in the following circumstances :

When artistic or historical objects are remarkable for their rarity, for the souvenirs they recall, for the indications they reveal upon a past social state, or for the incontestable superiority of their execution, then the duty of the public powers is, not to take from the owner his right to the enjoyment of his property, but to prevent him from disposing of what interests the whole community. Another member, M. Landrieu, spoke in the same sense as M. Holbach, but when the Congress came to discuss the question of intervention in matters of teaching or direction of taste, it very properly protested against any measures that would interfere with individual liberty.

F. WAGREZ.

A Miracle of the Roses

SALON OF 1899

JACQUES WAGREZ

In the second section the same sound ideas prevailed. M. Felix Regamey, amid the applause of the delegates, developed the idea that if museums are useful the great teaching of art from a social point of view ought to be taken from the public streets. Every proposal asking for governmental regulation, for the creation of supervising committees and the establishing of control or of censure was mercilessly rejected.

From a technical point of view and especially concerning exhibitions, the Brussels Congress approved the ideas that I have had the honour of defending since the London Exhibition of 1855, that I have had the good fortune to often see adopted in foreign countries, and that I have succeeded in making prevail only in the French exhibitions I have been called upon to organise. These ideas are:

1.—A grouping of the works of the same artist and, if need be, a grouping of objects by their kinds.

2.—Every monument to be erected upon the public way ought to have a model upon the spot where the monument is to be placed.

3.—Enlarge the present regulations for public competitions; that is to say, allow each one of the competitors to execute a subject of his own choice in addition to the one selected for the competition.

With regard to this last proposal, there can be no doubt that if the competing artists for the Roman Prize were free to follow their personal inspiration, while at the same time conforming to the requirements of the system which obliges all competitors to execute a composition designated by the professors, we should have some very different results from those obtained at present. We should see a manifestation of originality that we vainly seek in the exhibitions held at the Fine Arts School by the candidates for the Roman Prize.

The International Congress of Public Art is to hold its next meeting in Paris at the time of the Exhibition of 1900.

We are confident that between now and then the artists will comprehend the wisdom of these deliberations, that they will give them a form still more clear and precise, and that the twentieth century will see from its very beginning the triumph of ideas of good sense and sincerity.

This is my dearest wish, and I hope that the architectural constructions in the Champs-Elysées will be sufficiently vast, spacious and well-arranged to aid in its realisation.

F. BARTHOLDI.

Project for a Monument in Honour of Lafayette and American Independance.

SALON OF 1899

F. MONTENARD.

The Old Port at Toulon.

SALON OF 1899

NATIONAL FINE ART SOCIETY.

PAINTING.

THE National Society of the Fine Arts has had the misfortune this year to lose its eminent President, M. Puvis de Chavannes. A portrait by the illustrious artist has been placed in the Exhibition. It is the portrait of Madame Puvis de Chavannes, née Princess Cantacuzène, who died a few months before her husband. This portrait belongs to the

Lyons Museum and will be one of its most precious jewels. The harmony of the execution and the emotion awakened by this image, which will remain one of the purest masterpieces of the French School, render it one of the most interesting works of the regretted artist.

After the close of the Salon of 1899 there is not an artist who will hesitate to go to Lyons in order to again contemplate this marvel, to draw inspiration from it, and to proclaim how great has been the influence of Puvis de Chavannes upon the destinies of our national school, and that the loss of such a man is a veritable affliction for whoever loves his country in its most superb intellectual manifestations.

In looking at this portrait I have often asked myself what most of the members of the Academy of the Fine Arts must think of themselves for never having offered a seat at the Institute to the artist who always disdained to solicit their suffrages, but who should have been begged and supplicated to sit among a company that pretends to group the masters of French art.

One of the great attractions of the exhibition of the National Society of the Fine Arts is the series of drawings by M. John Charles Cazin, which has been arranged in a very favourable light. Nothing could be more attractive than this series of studies of personages and ground plans, which is a masterly work by the illustrious landscape painter.

We feel in these drawings the smallest details of the artist's thoughts. We see the idea born, develop and take definite shape with a firmness that gives to almost all of these drawings the value of the works that are exhibited on the other side of the wall in the adjoining room.

M. Cazin has sent to the Salon no less than ten landscapes made at different epochs, some very old and others quite recent.

The poesy which permeates the entire work of this great artist has a delicious charm. M. Cazin can truthfully say that the first of these landscapes, *The Path*, has led him to the broad road of

A. ROLL.

Laying the Corner Stone of the Alexander III. Bridge at Paris

SALON OF 1899

E. FRIANT.

Childhood's Sorrows.

SALON OF 1899

glory, that he is today the master of it by the simplicity and loyalty of expression, notwithstanding the petroleum men who spoil this road by their trials of pictorial automobilism.

With M. Cazin we must place above their equals in the National Society M. Augustus Rodin. M. Rodin has just obtained for the Exhibition of 1900 a special space, where he will not be incommoded by any one. We must felicitate him, and in the meanwhile unreservedly praise his bronze *Eve* and his two busts of *Falguière* and *Rochefort*.

When I look at Rodin's works I recall this admirable phrase of Rubens : "There may be some misunderstanding between my contemporaries and myself respecting measurements and proportions; but, according to my habit, I confide in the judgment of those who judge, and I never will consent to bungle, spoil and change what I have done for the pleasure of those who overwhelm me with their favours but who do not comprehend."

We shall again see the Balzac in 1900, and perhaps those who were not pleased with it last year will be the first to admire it and to renounce the prejudices of the little coterie that has led them astray by placing a film over their eyes.

Under the title of "Painting and Sculpture," M. Alfred Roll has exhibited a painting, placed in a frame of his own composition, representing a *Souvenir Commemorative of the Laying of the Cornerstone of the Alexander III. Bridge*. The frame is ingenious, and the painting agreeable in tone. The Czar is well posed, the young girls charmingly grouped before some officials who are not particularly handsome. It is, however, one of the best pictures in the Salon of the National Society, when we consider that such subjects are thankless ones to treat, and we should be very grateful to the artist for having omitted the usual stiffness. But M. Alfred Roll will allow me to kindly say to him that he would do well to return to the fine artistic manner that he showed at the beginning of his career. He has everything that is needed to be the leader

of a manly and robust school, disdainful of the effeminacy of the present day. When a man can be Richelieu he should scorn to be simply Mazarin.

M. Dagnan-Bouveret shows this year the very fine portrait that we have already seen at the Union Artistic Club. M. Dagnan-Bouveret possesses an assemblage of qualities with which few men are gifted. By the side of researches and observations that some persons find too minute, the incessant activity of his imagination presents all the subjects that he treats with a largeness of execution which remains the striking character of his works. His portrait exhibited this year is a living portrait. It expresses health, freshness and joy. If you talk with M. Dagnan-Bouveret he astonishes you by his modesty, and yet you feel that there is the volition of the will beneath this modesty. He might not, perhaps, explain to you the science of the beautiful as he comprehends it, but his profound eye would speak with sufficient eloquence to free him from the necessity of adding the least discourse. We feel that in this marvellously organised brain the ideas must crowd together, and it is with an impatient curiosity that we await each year the one to which his hand has given shape. And the shape, with all due deference to severe critics, is always different.

Portraits have, moreover, well served the artists of the National Society of the Fine Arts. M. Emile Friant, who had wandered away to cloudy lands, has brought back some interesting studies from these excursions in the air and is once more in full possession of his talent in his portraits, especially in one of them. Last year he was treated somewhat harshly for his painting of a weeping woman, and yet it was quite unjust not to recognise the great talent he had put into the work. This year the portrait painter has been given a warm reception.

M. Eugene Carrière exhibits two masterly studies. M. Carrière is an artist of grand inspiration, whom the critics have always rightly praised and the crowd observed with some apprehension.

F. PIET.

A Market at Goes (Holland).

SALON OF 1899

J. J. ROUSSEAU

A Normandy Bull.

SALON OF 1899

But I must not speak ill of the crowd on this occasion, for it does not inattentively pass by M. Carrière's canvases, and the time is not distant when, attracted by the grandeur and sublime poesy of the works of this artist, it will adopt him with all the more ardour as it will have taken more time to make up its mind. We already hear before his paintings some reflections that permit

us to affirm that he will soon be placed on a par with the masters of the great centuries, and will no longer have against him only the implacable and terrible jealousy of fellow artists who will not listen to what is true or exalt what is beautiful.

M. Carolus-Duran has been elected President of the National Society of the Fine Arts in succession to the late Puvis de Chavannes. M. Carolus-Duran exhibits a sketch of *Christ Upon the*

Cross and two portraits. In both the sketch and the portraits he displays the masterly qualities that have made his great reputation, a reputation which, on the other side of the Atlantic, has very justly given him a princely welcome.

M. Albert Besnard has painted for the Baron Vitta, who is a collectioner of great taste, three decorative panels which will make a marvellously fine appearance in the Baron's mansion in the Champs-Élysées. The ceiling and the two frieze-panels that M. Besnard also exhibits are likewise special orders. All these works, which express M. Besnard's special manner, are remarkable.

M. Fourié shows great progress with his *Daughter of Eve*. The uniformity of the tonality gives a most seductive aspect to his figure.

One of the best gifted artists of the Salon of the National Society is M. Maurice Lobre. No artist is more of a painter than he. No one knows better how to handle grays and to drown in this melancholy scale the interior and exterior views of the Versailles château, for which he has a passionate admiration. M. Robert de Montesquiou has suitably celebrated in one of his recents sonnets this painter of Versailles.

Madame de Caylus, the mother of the most eminent collectioner of the eighteenth century, this adorable woman who was the spoiled child of Madame de Maintenon, and who summed up with the elegance of her person the charm of the intelligence and supreme urbanity of her time, would have been delighted with M. Lobre's canvases :

"She was a better judge than any other woman," said Saint-Simon. "Never was there more grace, more gaiety and amusement, or a more seductive creature. Madame de Maintenon was so delighted with her that she could not do without her, but Madame de Caylus escaped as soon as she could to the Duchess of Bourgogne's, where she found plenty of amusement, for she was fond to madness of everything that could please cultivated intelligences."

CAROLUS-DURAN.

The Crucifixion (a sketch)

SALON OF 1899

J. ROLSHOVEN.

Great-Grandmother's Finery

SALON OF 1899

The Cayluses are rare today. They have been replaced by women who buy at a high price what Madame de Maintenon's spoiled child loved because she knew how to distinguish. These modern collectioners consider that it is the correct thing to prefer what the past recommends to them.

There are, happily, some men like M. Robert de Montesquiou who appreciate their contemporaries without at the same time scorning their elders.

The fortune of works of art is, besides, often strangly improbable. One of the most singular instances is that of Watteau's *Gille*, which occupies the place of honour in the La Caze collection at the Louvre.

This painting had fallen into the hands of a curiosity dealer in the Place du Carrousel in 1804. The dealer made a sign-board of the *Gille* and wrote in chalk upon the canvas :

> How happy Pierrot would be
> If he knew how to please you.

One of the pupils in David's studio bought the painting for 300 francs, sold it to M. de Cypierre, for 650 who, in his turn disposed of it to M. La Caze for 800 francs. M. La Caze offered this Watteau to the Louvre, but the Curator refused it, and it only succeeded in entering our national museum with the entire collection of M. La Caze, to whom a London dealer had vainly offered 300,000 francs for the *Gille*.

There is and always has been two perfectly distinct classes of amateurs, those who buy works on account of their notoriety and those who know how to divine the future success of an artist. In this latter class, which is the most interesting, we must place the name of Count Castiglione beside Raphael, Bilibald Pyrkhmayr beside Albert Durer, the burgomaster Fix beside Rembrandt and M. de Julienne beside Watteau. I do not mention the contemporaneous patrons or those who collect works of one kind, of one

epoch or of one artist and who thus render to art services that should not be forgotten.

M. Lhermitte, who is an artist of rare value and who shows this year a particularly brilliant series of works, is one of these enthusiastic collectioners. I recently saw one of his latest purchases, the sketch for Corot's painting of the Saint Nicholas du Chardonnet church, which is a bit of brilliant colouring and of inestimable value, for we feel the sincerity with which this work has been composed.

Where is the blessed time when the Abbot of Marolles, after having acquired De l'Orme's entire collection, joyously exclaimed : "I have just done a foolish thing, but it was a bargain, and I am in at a stroke for a thousand gold louis." The Abbot secured twenty-three thousand four hundred works for this sum. Today it would not be possible to have even the catalogue of the collection at that price.

M. Lhermitte gathers together the works of his elders or of his contemporaries, while enlightened amateurs make collections of his own paintings.

The government has bought one of M. Louis Picard's canvases, which is at last to take in our Museum of living artists the place that it should have taken long ago. I recently visited M. Louis Picard in his studio in the Avenue Frochot. He had upon one of his easels a portrait of Coquelin in "Plus que Reine." The great comedian stands out on an Austerlitz background, which is perfectly just ; but who will paint those that were in too much of a hurry to send him to Saint Helena ?

M. Altamura, a Parisian of Florence, has a good portrait.

M. Aman-Jean exhibits five portraits, all of which have that personal mark that has given him such a merited renown.

M. Louis Anquetin has sent to the Salon of the National Society a large picture entitled *Battle*, which has great qualities. Under the invocation of Michael Angelo, Rubens and Delacroix indulge in a most curious tournament.

L. LHERMITTE.

The Mower's Awakening

SALON OF 1891

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J. BERAUD.

A Comedy Lesson at the Conservatory

SALON OF 1899

G. COURTOIS.

A Young Girl at a Spring.

SALON OF 1899

I like the resolution shown by M. Auburtin in his *Gangui Fishing in the Gulf of Marseilles*, not only because the scene perceived by a delicate eye is reproduced by an expert hand, but because, returning to the antique mode, discreet flashes burst upon the sobriety of the neutral grounds and give a rare attractiveness to the whole composition.

M. Albert Aublet ought to have great success with those who like impulsive arrangements. He is, besides, full of resources. He varies his subjects without varying his manner, which is pleasing.

M. John Bail treats in a large way the sayings and doings of domestics. Chardin excelled in this art, not of dressing up the cook-room but the cooks.

M. Emile Barau is, with his free gracefulness and truthful observation, one of the most original and at the same time most sincere landscape painters of our epoch, which counts such a large number who know how to so happily unite poetry and prose.

M. John Béraud, who had not exhibited any works at the Salon for the past few years, makes a brilliant reappearance with *M. Le Bargy's Class at the Conservatory* and the *Portrait of Sir Campbell*

Clarke. M. John Béraud knows how to give to all the subjects he paints that Parisian bearing which he himself possesses to a supreme degree.

M. René Billotte puts upon the canvas each year with a sincere and very personal charm of expression views sketched in the suburbs of Paris, for which he has a special affection, and he endeavours, as Courbet said, to give us the hourly variations. A year ago M. René Billotte exhibited some of his pictures at London and obtained a great success. Our English neighbours are always very much taken with works that have a truthful expression.

M. James Emile Blanche has unmistakably entered into full possession of a talent that is really personal and establishes itself at the Salon of 1899 by a masterly work, the *Portrait of Jules Chéret.* The attitude of the model is full of movement, the face studied with the enthusiasm that takes hold of a great artist when he finds himself in presence of another great artist.

M. Boutet de Monvel has made some delicious things. His illustration of Joan of Arc is of the highest interest. Perhaps his painting this year, *Joan of Arc at Chinon*, is on too large a scale. If we isolate each figure we find them irreproachable, but the composition taken in its entirety gives to the eye that twinkling which is so disagreeable in cinematographic exhibitions.

M. Bouvet does not content himself with being a singer and especially a first-class lyrical comedian. He paints the sea with a loving hand and brings us back the sensations that his artistic soul has experienced upon the shores in presence of the grand eloquent element of nature.

Mademoiselle Breslau has a superbly artistic temperament. There is not one of her paintings that does not express a strong conviction and love of nature which should long ago have placed her in the front rank among women painters. What is the reason that she has not the situation she merits? Simply her disdain of the desire for glory. I congratulate her for this attitude.

J. BLANCHE.

Portrait of Jules Chéret.

SALON OF 1899

G. DUBUFE.

In Memory of Puvis de Chavannes.

SALON OF 1899

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

Her fellow-countryman, M. Eugene Burnand, has made enormous progress since 1889. He has advanced with giant strides. One more effort and M. Burnand will get rid of certain school prejudices that evidently hamper him.

The Aspen Trees and *Captieux Oaks* by M. John Cabrit reveal to us each year an incomparably fresh note. M. Cabrit knows the barks of trees better than any one. He studies them lovingly and renders them with a rare sincerity.

M. Gustavus Colin has received this year, in the shape of a grade in the Legion of Honour, the recompense of his long and steady artistic career. His paintings, besides, have been estimated at their value at the Count Armand Doria sale.

M. Charles Cottet has a large and interesting series of works this year, but they do not equal those he has previously exhibited. The *Ouessant People Watching over a Dead Child* is a striking composition, but why did not M. Cottet send to the Salon, besides the *Mountain Clouds*, some of the Alpian studies exhibited at M. Bing's gallery? There were among them some much superior to the two canvases selected by M. Cottet for the Salon, superior by the truthfulness of observation and care in the execution.

We must not forget M. Maurice Courant, whose researches have a particular attractiveness.

M. Gustavus Courtois, in his *Young Girl at the Spring*, has superbly painted a nude figure, and has, besides, sent several remarkable portraits.

M. Damoye makes a very fine display, and M. Eugene Dauphin becomes each year more and more master of the subjects he prefers. He will not be long in securing one of the first places in the ranks of the colourists.

M. William Dubufe exhibits an homage to Puvis de Chavannes, a decorative panel for the Broca Hospital and a portrait.

The homage to Puvis de Chavannes is accompanied by these verses, composed by M. Dubufe :

In Memoriam.

LE BOIS SACRÉ

Voici le doux pays et les chères collines,
Et le bois où la source harmonieuse dort !
Voici les prés fleuris, les coteaux, les ravines
D'où les grands arbres bleus se mirent au lac d'or !

Seul tu connais ces lieux, toi qui rêves encor,
O maître, et seul tu sais, à ces heures divines,
Quel charme étrange unit et quel secret accord
Les femmes que tu vois aux dieux que tu devines !

Ta pensée a peuplé ce paysage pur
D'êtres sacrés venus des chemins de l'azur,
D'âmes tendres ayant gardé des formes nues.

Leur passage a laissé quelque chose du ciel,
Et dans les bois nouveaux les Muses revenues
De leur rire divin ont chassé le réel !...

Under the title of *Portraits* M. Zuloaga has painted two manolas, a caballero and a large Andalusian greyhound, which is one of the most powerful compositions that we have seen at public exhibitions for many years. Bravo, M. Zuloaga !

We have built up great hopes on M. Richon-Brunet, who also paints Spanish subjects, but if his exhibition is exceedingly interesting, M. Zuloaga is not only a prophet in his own country but he must remain among us and preach the right doctrine.

M. Henri Gervex presents a most varied series, among which I prefer the two studies of *Trinity Church* and the *Church of the Assumption;* they are masterly bits. The *Portrait of Madame Gervex*, however, is one of the most attractive that can be imagined. That of the *Emperor Nicholas II.* is very strong and solidly painted, while the *Portrait of Madame Noel* is gracefully posed. *Yachting in the Archipelago* is a painting that will make a good show in Mr. James Gordon Bennett's gallery by the side of the

I. ZULOAGA.

Portraits.

SALON OF 1899

HENRI GERVEX

Portrait of Madame G.

SALON OF 1899

G. MELCHERS.

A Young Mother.

SALON OF 1899

Meissoniers and Boldinis of the early manner possessed by the rich American newspaper proprietor.

M. Antonio de la Gandara continues to be the agreeable portrait painter that we have long known, but with a little less consistency, however, than usual. The *Portrait of Mademoiselle Fouquier* is certainly the best of the three. That of the *Princess of Chimay* is somewhat vacant.

M. de la Gandara should look at the Melchers, and this year they are superior, and he will be convinced that it is absolutely essential to put something under the garments, however harmonious the colour of those garments may be.

M. Guthrie thinks as M. Melchers does, and we congratulate him for so doing.

M. Gaston Guignard has, as an animal painter, taken the lead among the artists in this kind of painting. No one paints a sheep better than he, and he envelops his compositions with a delicious poesy.

I must mention M. Augustus Hagbord, Mr. Louis Welden Hawkins, M. Iwill, praise M. La Touche and felicitate M. Simon for his two

contributions, particularly for his *Wrestling Bretons of Finistere.*

M. Frederick Montenard fills his canvases with the luminous radiance of our South and in an incomparable manner.

M. Moreau-Nélaton is a genuine painter, and M. John Veber a humorist served by an unquestionable talent.

M. Fritz Thaulow is in high favour. Dealers and amateurs dispute his canvases wherein he risks the boldest attempts.

M. Theodore Verstraete gives in his *August Morning at Blankenburg*, the exact expression of the infinite softness of the Northern atmosphere.

M. Raffaelli is still the master of Parisian scenes. In the *Young Girl with the Bleuets* his supple talent expresses with an equal success the purity of youth and, in his arrangement of flowers, the exact perception of what delights horticulturalists.

Messrs. Lucien Monod, André des Gachons and James Wagrez, are first-class figure painters. It would be unjust to omit mention of the works of M. Le Sidaner, M. Delance, M. Kunfy, M. John Sala, Mademoiselle Duhem and especially M. Victor Prouvé, who, in his landscapes as well as in his figures, leads us to dreamland like a man who thoroughly knows the language of the Rodenbachs and the Maeterlincks.

Madame Madeleine Lemaire's triptych, the *Miracle of the Roses*, should be cited as one of the most attractive decorations of the Salon of 1899. M. Frederic's *Moonlight* this year is not up to his masterpiece of the last Salon, and we hope to see him make a triumphant display in 1900.

What a delicious and charming artist is M. René Ménard! We have followed him for many years across his clouds and reposed with him in his landscapes impregnated with a perfume of antiquity. In his present conceptions M. René Ménard gives us the impression of an artist who has known how, this time, to envelope in an intensely irreproachable execution the profound thought that guides him in all his researches.

FRITZ THAULOW

Night in Normandy

SALON OF 1899

J. RAFFAELLI.

A Young Girl with Blue-bottle Plants.

SALON OF 1899

M. Henri Saintin exhibits a series of landscapes of noble appearance.

M. Rosset-Granger grows in greatness every day.

M. John Weerts, who has already produced the faces of so many of his contemporaries, adds to the series this year eleven little portraits.

M. Zakarian delights in still-life, and his water-mellons make our mouths water.

M. John Tchiquine Desboutin is capable of becoming fashionable with his attractive canvas of *Cagnes*, near Nice.

M. Aimé Perret has translated very well these lines of Armand Silvestre on the Angelus Hour :

> L'heure, où la cloche tinte, ayant rosé la plaine,
> Aux mailles du tricot ses regards n'errent plus,
> L'aiguille, entre ses doigts, s'arrête dans la laine,
> Et, pensive, elle attend que sonne l'Angelus.

What a charming composition is M. Allan Osterlind's *The Return*, which belongs to M. de Curel !

This leads me to say that we cannot too highly congratulate our dramatic authors for liking works of art. M. Peter Decourcelle is already an experienced connaisseur, M. George Feydeau is beginning. This consoles us for the Dennery Museum. Alas ! we have already had the Thiers collection. But don't let us discourage anybody. There are so many literary men who have no taste for art that we should be thankful to those who simply allow the taste for copies to enter their brain.

M. Muenier is preeminently a gifted artist, but does he not fear that he is giving too much importance to microscopic details ?

All are agreed that M. Mesdag is full of talent, but I prefer the freedom of M. Alphonse Moutte and the vigorous temperament of M. Maufra.

Let us address a sympathetic salutation to Mrs. Mac Monnies and to M. Levy-Dhurmer, without forgetting Miss Lee-

Robbins and in praising according to his merits M. Lerolle, who has again shown his masterly qualities.

M. Peter Lagarde sends to the Salon six canvases which are as many expression of the most delicate sentiments of a man who possesses in the highest degree the soul of an artist.

M. Roger Jourdain has narrated in an excellent manner a touching anecdote upon the legend called *Pâqueret* or the easter daisy. The usage still exists, says M. Roger Jourdain, in the country for the choir children to carry holy water from house to house during Holy Week. In return they are given boiled eggs or a little money.

To close this rapid examination of the paintings at the Salon of the National Society of the Fine Arts I wish to mention M. Durst, M. Duval-Gozlan, M. Edelfelt, M. Maurice Eliot, M. Firmin-Girard, M. George Emile Giran, M. Fernand Piet, M. Griveau, M. Lebourg, M. Le Gout-Gérard, M. Le Liepvre, M. Renouard, M. Rippe-Ronai, M. Rosen, M. Edward Sain, M. André Sinet, M. Max Stevens, M. Tournès, M. Vierge and other artists of talent whom I forget.

An ample harvest might be made among the drawings and cartoons, and it is difficult to explain why the public shows itself so indifferent this year for the galleries where painting does not reign supreme, and even for the others as well. This will doubtless cause the two art Societies to reflect before they carry out their plan of opening their Salons in 1900 at the same time as the Exhibition of the Fine Arts, and to place these Salons in a building in the plains of Grenelle !

In the section of drawings and cartoons we first find three fine studies by M. Auburtin, the charcoal pencil sketch of *Mother Baffier*, by her son, M. John Baffier, the sketches made by M. Bouvet under the general title *The Sea*, *The Earth*, the portrait by Mademoiselle Breslau, an exquisite pastel by Madame Marie Cazin, a *Portrait of Verlaine* by M. Cazals, sketches by M. Cottet for his painting, drawings by M. Dinet, a *Portrait of Jean Moréas*,

Mme MADELEINE LEMAIRE

Sainte Roseline The Miracle of the Roses

SALON OF 1899

H. SAINTIN

A Quarry in the Outskirts of Paris Evening Effect

SALON OF 1899

A. FOURIE.

A Daughter of Eve.

SALON OF 1899

by M. Antonio de la Gandara, some curious cartoons by M. Girardot, some miniatures by Miss Hallowell, drawings by M. Heidbrinck, some very original studies by M. Kaplan and the pastels by M. Eugene Loup, which have received an encouragement from the Superior Council of the Fine Arts. Madame Claude Marlef

exhibits two pastels that are remarkable from all points of view and show considerable progress in the career of this young artist. Madame Claude Marlef is today in full possession of all the delicacy that can be expressed by the pastel.

It is for me a real pleasure to run over these rooms so unjustly abandoned, where we can seize the artist's first thoughts, which they develop later on.

M. Melchers has a snow effect which is a little pearl. M. Lucien Simon exhibits a series of water-colours of a seductive charm. M. Fritz Thaulow returns to his early manner in a pastel which is a success, and Mademoiselle Valentino, one of our best profes-

sors, shows a good example to her pupils, in two excellent pastel subjects, a portrait and a composition entitled *Sad Hours*.

In the engraving section M. Marcellin Desboutin offers us a dry-point, and M. Fernand Desmoulins by the side of a master, M. Karl Koepping, presents *Doctor Doyen demonstrating the Process of Craneotomy at the Moscow Congress*.

M. Augustus Lepere is the worthy successor of Meyron, with his own originality in addition, and M. Charles Waltner has succeeded in giving us the exact impression of the very fine composition of Puvis de Chavannes, *Victor Hugo Offering his Lyre to the City of Paris*.

In citing the masters of the National Society of the Fine Arts I have already mentioned Rodin, who dominates the sculpture gallery with all the height of his genius.

The statue of the *Dock Labourer*, by M. Constantin Meunier, is of superb appearance with its sober contours and proud bearing.

Madame Charlotte Besnard exhibits a painted statue of *Saint Francis of Assisi*, destined for Berck-sur-Mer, which recalls the finest productions of the mystical epoch, when simple makers of grotesque figures gave us in this kind some masterpieces that collectioners contend for today at high prices.

Madame Marie Cazin's pastel of the *Little Serving Maid* is full of noble character.

M. Emile Bourdelle knows how to give to everything that comes from his hands, or from his chisel strokes, a free gracefulness joined to a contained expression which results in dazzling effects.

M. Alexander Charpentier is a fascinating medallist, and the fertile imagination of Mademoiselle Camille Claudel has served her this year as well as could be wished.

I said last year that I took a lively interest in everything done by the daughter of great worker in clay who was called Carpeaux.

M. James Froment-Meurice is right in calling himself a sculptor;

H. MESDAG.

Under Sail.

SALON OF 1899

F. CHARLET.

A Fisherman (Triptych

SALON OF 1899

he is one in the highest degree. His high-relief, in bronze and stone, the *Circuit of Life*, is a strong work.

Why is M. Peter Granet so indolent? What an admirable artist and what an astonishing career he might have if he would work with more persistency.

M. John Antoine Injalbert, occupied with his various orders, has sent to the Salon only two terra cottas and a double pedestal in stone.

M. Camille Lefebvre has also sent only a plaster bust, and M. Alfred Lenoir only a translation in marble of his portrait of Edmond de Goncourt, destined for the Versailles Palace. M. Tony Noel exhibits a plaster statue of *Alain Chartier* for the city of Bayeux and a project for an equestrian statue of the Duke of Aumale. M. Agathon Leonard has a complete exhibition.

M. René de Saint-Marceaux has a delicious marble statue of the *Virgin*, made for the church at Bougival.

Apropos of works of art placed in churches in the vicinity of Paris, the curate of Ville-d'Avray would act wisely in attending to the preservation of the Corots that his church has the good fortune to possess.

M. Felix Voulot is one of our most inspired artists. His *Eve* is, in its calm expression, a really solid work and which ought to open to him the path to glory. The Fine Arts administration should come to his aid. He deserves it.

The National Society of the Fine Arts was the first to organise a section of artistic objects. It was this Society that gave to such artists as Gallé, Chaplet and Thesmar their titles of nobility.

This initiative has been crowned with success; a movement has been created that is increasing every day and which produces objects that will, in the future, be sought for with the same desire as we now show in securing Gouthière's bronzes, Boulle's furniture or the fancy objects of the Caffieris and the Bérins.

At the head of this section this year I wish to place two young ladies who exhibit some remarkable objects which have been much

remarked, Mademoiselle Faure-Dujarric and Mademoiselle Suzanne About. The first named has sent two bindings, *The Vocation* and *The Dream*, which reflect the exquisite distinction of her person, and Mademoiselle About has made two pyrogravure panels, *Fruits* and *Foliage*, which all real works of art.

M. John Paul Aubé has been very happily inspired with his gilt bronze inkstand in rock crystal, melted in *cire perdue*.

M. John Baffier, pursuing his idea of glorifying nature, of honouring the family and celebrating the dignity of labour, has, in the four objects sent, one that is of superior merit, a *Chiselled Pewter Wine Service*, which belongs to M. Lumière, of Lyons.

The Beaudoins and the Beetzes have tried their hand with jewels, and been very successful.

Messrs. Baumann still hold to tinted woods decorated with pyrogravure.

Madame Bellamy-Storer sends a curious large vase with elephant's heads.

M. Bellery-Desfontaines, M. Belleville, Mademoiselle Augusta Bergmann, M. Bourgeot and M. Bonvallet merit to be cited in their various displays of furniture, stained-glass ware and decorative drawings.

M. Boucher seeks in nature the usual decorative subjects. A *Chestnut Bud* and *Chrysanthemum Flowers*, so dear to the Japanese, are for him pretexts for ingenious arrangements.

M. Brangwyn, a master painter, treats carpets with an admirable largeness of touch, and M. Brateau continues to be a master pewter worker, while M. Carabin still seeks for the furniture, not yet found, which is to characterise the close of the nineteenth century.

M. Ernest Carrière is a modest artist who makes some marvellous things, the same as Madame Cazin, M. Michel Cazin and Mademoiselle Chailley-Bert.

M. Chudant is taking rank among the masters of artistic posters, and there is not one of M. Cox's models for decorating tissues

JEAN SALA.

Mater Amoresa.

SALON DE 1890

L. GIRARDOT.

The Annunciation.

SALON OF 1899

A. DE LA GANDARA.

Portrait of Mademoiselle Henry Fouquier.

SALON OF 1899

that does not require close examination. M. Dalpayrat and M. Lesbros have sent several fine specimens of their flamed sandstone works.

M. Dammousse treats stone ware, porcelaine and enamels in a masterly manner.

M. Augustus Delaherche, although a manufacturer, allows his artistic passion to show itself in the midst of his commercial preoccupation.

I desire to name Mademoiselle Noemi Fuchs and M. Alfred Garnier, without forgetting M. Grandhomme, the master enameller, who has a very varied display.

I beg the reader to retain the name of M. Halou, to give special attention to Prince Karageorgevitch's glass case, and not to pass too rapidly by M. Lachenal's display or that of M. Camille Lefèvre.

The sword of honour offered to General Dodds and the one intended for Major Marchand reflect great credit upon the inventive genius of M. Marquet de Vasselot.

Still, I much prefer M. Moreau-Nélaton's seventeen pieces of decorated pottery, and above all the masterpieces of M. Henry Nocq.

M. Victor Trouvé is a first-class artist, and the agglomerated enamels of M. Ringel d'Illzach have a most interesting attraction of novelty.

M. Alfred Roll has not been afraid to risk himself in this section, and has been rewarded with a great success for his decorative fragment in pewter. M. Tiffany's vases are of the highest interest. Madame Antoinette Vallgren exhibits two book covers, which are both among the most attractive things in this section. Her husband, M. Villé Vallgren, has an excellent series of bronze works.

In a word, notwithstanding some regrettable absences, the display of artistic objects at the Salon of the National Society of the Fine Arts is one of the most remarkable that has been made since the first exhibition in 1890. It is so full that some of the objects have been placed in the architectural section, notably some cartoons by MM. Franck Brangwyn, Jourdain, Lambert, Selmersheim, Tournel and Vinay.

In the architectural section the name above all others to be remembered is that of M. Gabriel Guillemonat, who presents among other things two projects for a monument to Puvis de Chavannes.

The National Society of the Fine Arts has met with a loss this year that will completely transform its management and lead, perhaps, to a rupture among its members. It is not because the new president that has been chosen is not an artist of great talent or is wanting in all the qualities needed to group around him those who are attracted by personal charm. M. Carolus-Duran is, above all, a gentleman, beloved by all his fellow-artists without distinction of coterie, but M. Puvis de Chavannes possessed in the highest degree the authority which gives a sentiment of independence to an artist who always considered with an apparent indifference all the quarrels that took place around him.

F. WILLAERT.

The River Lys at Gand.

SALON OF 1899

E. MENARD

An Evening Harmony.

SALON OF 1899

opyright 1899 by Braun Clement & Cie

No one more than he felt strongly, had a more lively emotion or more ardent passion, but he never allowed his dislikes or sympathies, or even his disdain to be publicly seen. In a word, he thought but did not speak.

I have just read in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* the opening pages of a book that M. Buisson, a former deputy from the Aude Department at the National Assembly, is soon to publish under the title of "Peter Puvis de Chavannes, Familiar Souvenirs."

I consider it a duty to add to M. Buisson's pages some personal souvenirs.

I made the acquaintance of Puvis de Chavannes in 1851. He had studied with Ary Scheffer and had been a pupil for several years in Couture's studio in the rue de Laval. In 1851 he came there frequently, and in leaving the studio often went to Couture's house in the rue de la Tour-des-Dames.

Justice ought to be rendered to Thomas Couture. He was not, as M. Buisson seems to believe, a coarse and commonplace man. If he was not always genteel in his manners, he had, on the other hand, a good deal of humour. At all events we owe to him, and that is something, a return to decorative painting, about which he reasoned very well.

Delacroix, whom Puvis de Chavannes visited at the same time and who had considerable influence upon his first productions, did not hesitate to recognise this merit in Couture. He had been very much impressed by the *Roman Revels*, exhibited at the Salon of 1847. And if we recall the dates we shall find that Delacroix's great decorative paintings, the ceiling of the Apollo Gallery and the Holy Angel's chapel of Saint-Sulpice, were executed a long time after Couture's painting.

I can hear, as though it were yesterday, Delacroix in his studio in the rue Notre-Dame-de-Lorette, reproaching Couture in presence of Puvis de Chavannes for the absence of movement in the *Roman Revels*, while at the same time praising the very adroit copying

of the Parthenon sculptures for the central group. But he advised Puvis to take his suggestions by preference, from Rubens or even from Jordaens.

In the first exhibition held by Puvis de Chavannes in the Bonne-Nouvelle Galleries, an exhibition which comprised several portraits in Couture's style and a series of religious scenes treated after Delacroix's manner (some of these canvases may be seen at the exhibition now open in the Durand-Ruel Gallery) we felt that the artist was not yet master of a personal style. He hesitated and picked his way. At that time, it is true, he was scarcely thirty years old. He succeeded in securing a personal manner in the course of his long halts before the Poussins and the Le Sueurs at the Louvre. Poussin was especially the object of his devotion. He made, besides, no mystery of his admiration for the *Shepherds in Arcadia*, and of the enthusiasm he experienced in presence of the wooded depths so simply treated in *Diogenes*.

What I at once liked in Puvis de Chavannes was his aversion for the Italian Renascence and his fidelity to the simplicity and moderation of French Art.

Born at Lyons, was he one of the descendants of those valiant Roman soldiers who had chosen the Lyons peninsula as a place of retirement? Was he of Gallic stock? I leave these questions to be decided by the archeologists.

What is certain is that no one in our century has had to such a high degree the sentiment of harmony and the clear perception of what part painting should play in the architectural aggregate of a public building.

The exceptionally high rank in which he had placed his art could not cause him any rivalry in the society over which he presided, and from this point of view his death is a great misfortune.

The tendency of our centralising spirit demands that there should be but one Salon, the same as there is only one Institute and one School of the Fine Arts.

E. CLAUS.

At the Stream.

SALON OF 1899

Nothing could be more deplorable than this rigid conception of art. It is the utter negation of all emulation, the crushing of all progress.

We are astonished at the amount of will it has been necessary to display in the ranks of the French School in the course of this century to triumph over the indifference of conventional arrangements.

If you admit the unity of teaching and the unity of exhibitions you greatly retard the evolution of the public taste.

This public taste has been particularly perverted by traditions of symmetry that are absolutely contrary to our Gallic spirit, I will even say to the Latin spirit, and which have come to us from an erroneous interpretation of antique art. We have had for a long time a thoroughly false idea of Greek civilisation. The Madeleine church is the most distressing witness of this error.

If, besides, we examine the works of the masters in Egypt, Asia, the Ægina Isle, Greece, and, later on, at Rome, Madrid and Amsterdam, we shall find that nowhere has there been any other preoccupation than to take suggestions from the immediate surroundings, and it is owing to this disdainful observation of what had been done before that we have some expressions of art of such a high character. The mania of styling lines and of making manuals of art-teaching is due to Byzantinism.

The monotony that our routine appears to regret would draw us into the system that I have seen applied with an imperturbable coolness by the monks who decorate the convents on Mount Athos.

These good people are hoisted upon ladders in the porches, and there under the eye of a master, trace the same figure of Christ, with the proportions admitted, oppose the straight line to the curved line and pursue their composition without the plan being modified. It is the human machine trying to do what our scientific machines do in our factories.

I remember to have seen a lot of monks one afternoon in the Lavra monastery trace a Descent from the Cross that would have made a very good appearance beside some Corneliuses or some Overbecks, but which were, like the works of these German masters, a manifest proof of the absence of originality. At Lavra we were, as in Germany, in presence of the works of collectioners who strove to copy Panselinos the same as on the other side of the Rhine an endeavour was made for a long while to revive Albert Durer without obtaining any other result than to increase the domaine of this museum of copies that was recently in high favour in France with M. Thiers, who was seconded by M. Charles Blanc.

What is really marvellous in our race is the scorn it professes for these useless manifestations.

From the fifth to the sixteenth century the artists have produced without making any noise treasures which are today of incalculable value. These treasures are to be found in churches

A. AUBLET.

In the Desert.

SALON OF 1899

Photograph by Braun, Clément & Cie

A. DINET

The Vengeance of Antar's Children.

SALON OF 1899

and abbays. Saint-Denis, Saint-Germain-des-Prés, Sainte-Geneviève, Notre-Dame de Paris, the cathedral of Rheims, those of Chartres, Laon, Noyon, Vezely, Notre-Dame de Poitiers and a thousand others shelter wonders. Examine the fronts of our religious edifices and you will there find the faithful representation of every-day life, a representation which expresses even the brutality and obscenity of human existence but which constitutes the faithful mirror of our social condition.

The National Society of the Fine Arts has rendered great service. It can, under the direction of M. Carolus-Duran, render still greater service, but it must come to a straightforward decision. And here I appeal to M. William Dubufe, who has charge of the arrangement of its exhibitions, to group the work of each artist, to isolate each group, and to leave sufficient space around each frame. Space is not wanting in these palaces of gigantic proportions.

And what a real charm there would be in a room where, to mention only the Bretons, Messrs. Charles Cottet, Vail, Lucien Simon, Milcendeau and William Roger, could each have a whole wall-panel at his disposal.

An attempt of this kind has recently been made at Versailles in honour of John Mark Nattier, by the curator of the Palace, M. Pierre de Nolhac.

Unfortunately, Nattier's execution is so monotonous and the general arrangement of his pictures so decided that, without at all diminishing his great talent, they do not give to his work the variety and unforeseen qualities that attract us so much in most of the French painters.

And this room so ingeniously arranged by M. de Nolhac attracts us much more by the historical interest of the personages painted by Nattier than by the brilliancy of an art always the same. Whether it be question of a woman's portrait or a man's portrait Nattier, who was in high favour at that moment, always works in the same fashion and, in the course of his artistic career, he

never had any of those flashes of genius which make Ingres's portrait of the elder M. Bertin a unique thing in M. Ingres's work and the magisterial personification of the epoch in which his model lived.

When we talk about art we must always return to these French precepts.

One of the most gifted minds of our time, the Marquis de Laborde has summed them up marvellously. On the morrow of the London Exhibition of 1851 he very sensibly wrote that an error is to separate among children the teaching of drawing from the teaching of writing. There are several styles of hand-writing, such as the English, the bastard, the Gothic. Why not have drawing called the figurative style? To teach children the proportion of things by the habit of figuring the natural objects that they have before their eyes is to aid their imitative instincts. To make letters facilitates for them the imitation of conventional figures. May we not suppose that a child whom we require to imitate a P, which, in spite of its strangeness and insignificance responds to the need of forming the letters of the alphabet, will not have, at the same time as the obligation to construct a form which signifies nothing to him, a compensation that will please him if you oblige him to reproduce a familiar and attractive object among those that he sees?

If in 1851, that is to say half a century ago, we had adopted the ideas so happily formulated by the Marquis de Laborde, if they had been applied in our primary schools we should have developed, if not the practice at least the taste and intelligence of art among the masses of the French public. There would be no one today who, breaking away from the old traditions, would hesitate to recognise that everything that surrounds us is stamped with the elements of grace, delicacy and moderation. Clear notations would replace obscure visions. A heavy execution would give way to new impressions. The painter eager for knowledge would translate his ideas simply, and the public, tired of contiguous tones and outlines

J. STEWART

Morning.

SALON OF 1899

that disguise the real spirit of things would have an eye for a more exact teaching.

When we run over our public and private collections we become enthusiastic in the presence of the works of masters who have continually rejuvenated the subjects they have treated in undertaking them with a determination entirely devoid of all influence; and we are astonished at the credit given to technical researches that are so near the workman's trade and so far from the artist's inspiration.

I would not offend any of my friends of the National Society of the Fine Arts, but the average quality of the artists has plainly decreased. The diversity of the work is less apparent than during the first years. This diversity is so marked that an artist who at the beginning attracted attention by particularities of attitude and discoveries of colour much less revolutionary than many of the canvases of his fellow artists, is today considered to be one of the most advanced.

Day, a large decorative panel surrounded and crossed by pine branches, is not only a vibrating, spirited and really strong work; it contains delicate tones that as they become softer will give a perfect harmony to this composition.

The *Flowers*, *Fruits* and *Ideas* are superior pieces. The figure of the *Idea* is of an exquisite charm.

In this study of the two Salons we must not pass by the miniature painters of the National Society without saluting them. Mademoiselle Parguez, Madame Reynold, M. Soule, Mademoiselle Jane Brunot, Madame Anna Léa, Mademoiselle de Beaufort, Madame Denné-Ceyras, Madame Isbert, Madame Hem, Madame Grison and Mademoiselle Gérard deserve mention. We find all these artists absorbed by the desire of giving breadth to their execution, and this renders all their efforts very interesting. But this branch of art will not recover its vigour unless the miniaturists of both Salons become penetrated with the simplicity of the design to be found in the admirable school of the Clouets.

I spent a delicious afternoon not long ago in the office of the curator of prints at the National Library. What an enjoyment it was to look over these marvellous collections of portraits by the Clouets, often of such a brutal resemblance but always so faithfully executed!

When, after having carefully considered the loyal simplicity of these masters of the French Primitive School, we mount to the first floor, we are seized with an unconquerable sadness before the frightful distemper works with Italian sauce that pass for wall decoration.

Let us hasten, in order to do honour to the strangers who will come to Paris in 1900, to put our treasures in a good place and to open the new century by a striking homage to our national art.

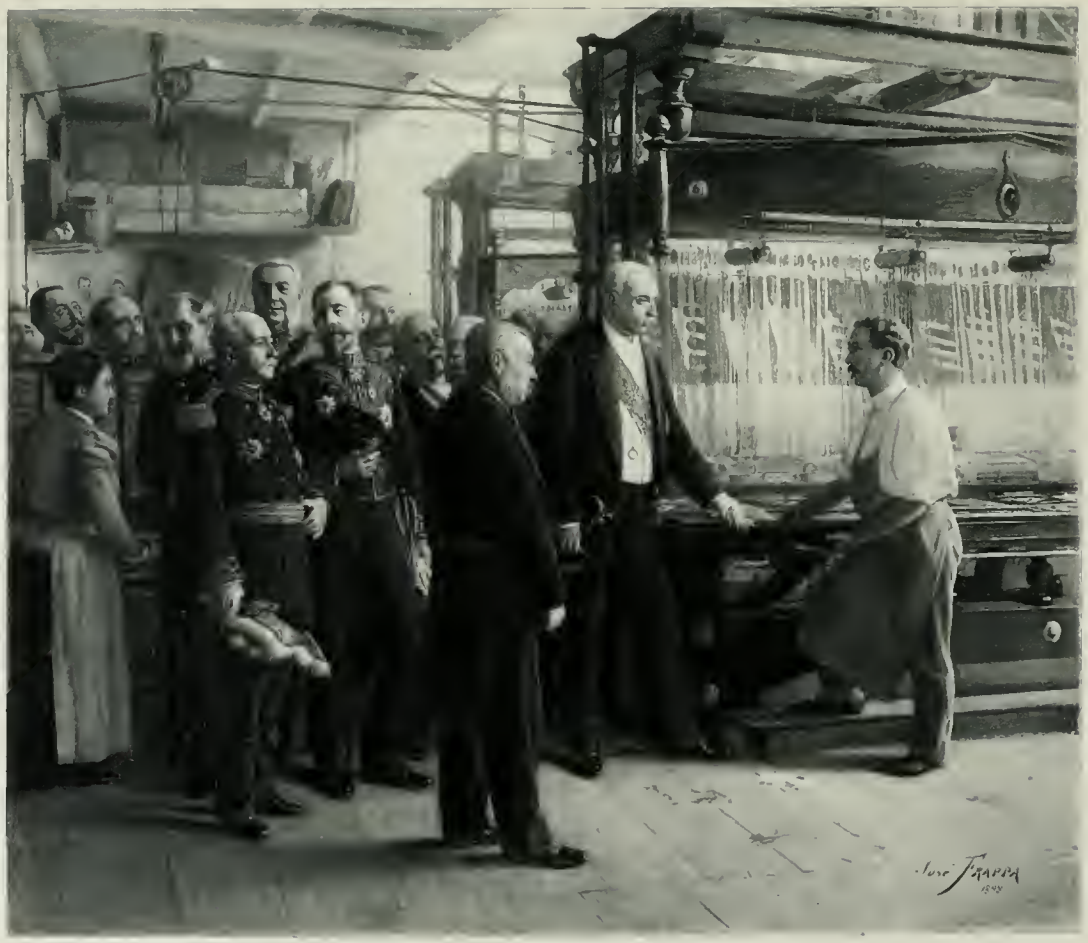
In the course of an already long existence I have had only one ruling passion: to demonstrate the incontestable superiority of French sentiment in all branches of art.

People are not only beginning to recognise this superiority but to attach importance to it. The Museum of Castings, at the Trocadero, which for some years has been deprived of its annual subsidy, has had several curators. First, M. du Sommerard, a sceptic; then M. Geoffroy Dechaume, passionately devoted to the work; then M. Delair, an enthusiast, and lastly M. Edmond Haracourt, a literary man.

JOSE FRAPPA

President Faure Visiting the Work-room of a Ribbon-Weaver at Saint Etienne May 30, 1898.

SALON OF 1899



V. STENGELIN

An Autumnal Evening

SALON OF 1899

In our museums of painting, at the Luxemburg, at Versailles and at the Louvre, our artists secure the place which is their due only slowly and painfully, but with a persistency that augurs well for the morrow.

Private collections are now arranged in better order. Many things that have erroneously been admired by our ancestors are rejected.

For my own part, however interesting the most of these collections may be, I prefer the public collections, because they can be visited at will. I would like to see the directors of our museums organise some of these exhibitions in honour of our dead artists such as those that have recently had so much success elsewhere : the Rembrandt exhibitions at Amsterdam and London, the Velasquez display at Madrid and the Van Dyck exhibition at Antwerp. I am convinced that if the cities of Saint-Quentin and Montauban should do for La Tour and Ingres what the Dutch, English, Spanish and Flemings do for the genius of Rembrandt, Velasquez and Van Dyck, they would meet with great success.

In terminating this account of the Salons of 1899 I owe an homage to one of the artists who has honoured them the most.

M. Stengelin, with his *Autumn Evening*, which we have pleasure in reproducing herewith, has reached the first rank. It would be impossible to unite more poesy to the exact sentiment of impression. M. Stengelin owes us for the important year of 1900 a canvas that will place his great talent in full view beside his *Autumn Evening*.

I have forgotten to speak of several artists who deserve to be mentioned, and whom I hope will pardon me. I must, however, repair two of these oversights.

M. Denys Puech has exhibited in the section of sculpture at the Salon of the French Society a *Portrait of Dr Brouardel*, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine. This portrait is one of the most remarkable of the young and already illustrious sculptor.

M. Bonnat has tried his hand at landscape painting and should be highly praised for his successful attempt.

M. Bonnat has received an order for a portrait of President Loubet, and M. Puech is to make a bust of the Chief of State. M. Chaplain has already engraved a very fine medallion of M. Loubet's features.

If, while M. Bonnat is painting the President's portrait at Rambouillet, he would profit by the occasion and become converted to the open-air theory ! If he would only place M. Loubet's figure on a background representing this admirable old forest of the Yvelines, and forget those sombre cross-hatchings that he indulges in when at Paris, I should not hesitate to predict for him a striking success at the Grand Palace of the Champs-Élysées next year.

ANTONIN PROUST.

R. DE SAINT-MARCEAUX

The Crucifixion.

SALON OF 1899

LIST OF AWARDS.

PAINTING.

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. F. Tattegrain.

Second Medals.

MM. A Pla y Rubio, H. D. Etcheverry, F. Laszlo, D. Lucas, E. Boggio, L. Lemaire, M. Rider, H. Perrault, P. Blanchard, E. G. Marché, E. Borchard, J. E. J. Massé, J. Laronze, C. Hoffbauer, A. Mercié, M. Demonts, H. G. Darien, A. Buffet, V. A. Bourgeois, P. Sébilleau.

Third Medals.

MM. A. Moreau-Néret, G. Lavergne, L. A. Cabié, L. Jean-Pierre, H. Zo, L. E. G. Dambéza, M. J. H. Thiérot, J. Camoreyt, M. Barthalot, P. Piatti, J. Pagès, M. Chabas, A. J. Chantron, W. J. E. E. Laparra, T. H. Mayan, H. Grosjean, A. Decamps, J. V. Verdier, Mme E Gruyer-Brielman, P. R. E. Sieffert, V. Tardieu, P. Place-Canton, H. Mouren, F. M. Du Mond, A. Renaudin, E. de Palézieux, J. N. Barlow, Mlle H. Stoffregen.

"Mentions Honorables."

M. G. S. Ferrier, Mlle L. Reynolds, MM. L. A. Leclercq, J. Weiss, W. R. Symonds, L. Walden, D. F. Boyden, C. Marks, L. Lepeltier, H. W. Jansen, R. E. Étienne, Mlle A. Lenique, MM. A. E. Tourillon, E. D. Connell, A. Bouffet, D. Hernandez, Mlle M. Perrier, MM. E. Suau, A. Levêque, E. Malet, N. Raurich, H. de Beaumont, G. Binet, A. Dechenaud, A. A. Thivet, C. B. d'Entraygues, Mlle M. B. Mouchel, MM. S. H. Vedder, F. Grasset, L. Jacquot-Defrance, J. Scalbert, Mlle S. Watkins, MM. E. Cadel. L. E. Baille, E. Fougerat, A. Marchand, A. J. Adolphe, J. Gruyer, Mme J. de Montchenu, MM. H. Guy, G. L. Kugge, M. Simonidy, A. Lalauze, G. Dallier, C. J. Apy-Vives, M. Kahn, Mme M. de Flotow, MM. F. H. Richardson, M. Vezoux, M. Lessertisseux, H. E. Rousseau, A. Bauré.

SCULPTURE.

"Médailles d'Honneur."

MM E.-H. Dubois, E.-A. Boisseau.

First Medals.

MM. A. Octobre, J. Carlus, J. Boucher. *Medalist :* M. A. E. Lechevrel. *Engraving on gems :* M E. F. Gaulard.

Second Medals.

MM. J. L. Villeneuve, J. Grosjean, Roger-Bloche, P. Laurent, Mlle J. Itasse, MM. C. Picaud, S. Kinsburger, P. Melin, P. E. Breton, C. T. Perron, F. Faivre. *Medalist :* M. J. M. Delpech.

Third Medals.

Mme M. Syamour, M. A. Guilloux, Mmes F. P. Tourte, N. Grandmaison, MM. P. Moreau-Vauthier, P. Aubert, P. Curillon, R. E. Brooks, P. Auban. *Medalists :* G. Dupré, J. P. Legastelois.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. A. Décatoire, J. L. Rispal, H. Bouisseren, L. Langrand, R. Sudre, F. David, J. Déchin, J. Anglès, H. Sorensen-Ringi, Mlle M. Pownall, MM. A. de Ranieri, A. Piquemal, H. A. Poublan, A. Schirrer, L. Maubert, E. Margo, G. Iselin, S. H. Borglum, J. E. Renié, Mlle R. du Bois, MM. M. Fromental, P. R. Christophe, Mme A. Forestier-Barbe. *Medalists :* M. D. Fourcade, Mlles G. Granger, J. Borgeaud-Strenz, M. E. des Prez de la Ville-Tual. *Engraving on gems :* M. L. T. Domas.

ARCHITECTURE.

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. E. Loviot.

First Medals.

MM. H. P. Hannotin, F. E. L. Boutron, A. Maistrasse, in collaboration with M. M. Berger, M. M. Berger, in collaboration with M. A. Maistrasse.

Second Medals.

MM. B. F. Chaussemiche, G. Balleyguier, P. E. J. Héneux, J. Laborey, J. C. Chaussepied.

Third Medals.

MM. G. Bélesta, in collaboration with M. J. Thillet, J. Thillet, in collaboration with M. G. Bélesta, M. Sainsaulieu, F. J. Bourdilliat, L. C. Guinot.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. H. Armbruter, C. Cesbron, E. Chifflot, E. Cornet, in collaboration with M. J. Sandier, J. Sandier, in collaboration with M. E. Cornet, G. H. Darbéda, G. Dehaudt, P. E. Delarueménil, E. H. Denby, P. D. Despeyroux, C. Duval, G. Ernest, P. E. Friésé, C. Guimbard, J. L. Hulot, T. Lafon, A. Le Feuvre, L. E. Lepeltier, J. A. Morard, A. F. Narjoux, H. Neukomm, F. E. Perkine, L. Prudon, E. Rattier, D. Renard, J. M. Ronsin, G. A. Tankiri.

ENGRAVING AND LITHOGRAPHY.

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. A. L. Le Couteux.

First Medal.

M. W. Barbotin.

Second Medals.

MM. L. J. Muller, J. Sourbier, A. J. M. Broquelet, E. Juillerat.

Third Medals.

MM. J. Deturck, L. Penat, G. A. Lopisgich, G. P. L. Derrier, P. G. Taverne, A. M. Martin, Mlle M. Vernaut, MM. E. Dété, V. Dutertre, L. A. Jarraud.

"Mentions honorables."

MM. T. Truphème *(lithography)*; E. M. Mage *(lithography)*; M. Lhoste *(lithography)*; A. Toupey *(lithography)*; J. Lerendu, P. F. Barré *(etching)*; B. J. Krieger *(etching)*; E. N. Stongue *(etching)*; A. L. Lacault *(etching)*; M. Horte *(etching)*; L. Van den Put *(wood engraving)*; P. D. Guérelle *(wood engraving)*; A. C Foucher *(wood engraving)*; C. Marx *(wood engraving)*; C. Smatchens *(wood engraving)*; L. M. A. Renault *(line engraving)*; E. Pennequin *(line engraving)*; A. Latour *(line engraving)*; G. Buisset *(line engraving)*; J. P. Volot *(line engraving)*.

SUB-SECTION OF DECORATIVE ART.

(in connection with the 4 sections)

Second Medal.

M. E. Derré.

Third Medals.

MM. M. Blondat, G. Marquet, A. M. Jorrand.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. C. Toché, E. Colonna, E. Bénédictus, R. Foy, Comte du Suau de la Croix, G. Fouquet.

Marie Bashkirtseff Prize.

De Raigecourt-Goyon Prize.

LIST OF WORKS OF ART

PURCHASED BY THE STATE.

PAINTING.

MM.	Adler (J.)	*A Tramp.*
	Amen (Mlle)	*Peonies and Hawthorn Flowers.*
	Argence (Eug. d')	*A December Afternoon at Ajaccio.*
	Azar du Marest (Mlle)	*An Evening Harmony.*
	Baschet	*A Family Portrait.*
	Bellery-Desfontaines	*An Interior.*
	Berges (G.)	*Flamencas.*
	Béronneau (M.)	*The Last Hour.*
	Berton (A.)	*Interlude.*
	Besson (J. G.)	*The Burden.*
	Biessy	*A Picardy Interior.*
	Bonnat	*Saint-Jean-de-Luz (Landscape).*
	Bonnefoy (H.)	*Young Lovers.*
	Bourgeois (E. V.)	*Aigues-Mortes.*
	Bourgogne (P.)	*Flowers.*
	Boyé (A.)	*Cheerfulness.*
	Breton (E.)	*Sunday Evening in Winter (Artois).*
	Buffet (A.)	*Mass in the Abbey of St. Arnould at Trouville.*
	Cabié (L. A.)	*Evening in the Dordogne.*
	Calbet (A.)	*A Bather.*
	Camoreyt (J.)	*A Sea-piece.*
	Carpentier (Mlle M.)	*A Flower-Seller in the Faubourg.*
	Cesbron (C.)	*The Cloister.*
	Chabas (P.)	*Joyous Gambols.*
	Dameron	*Paris seen from the Top of the Louvre.*
	Debat-Ponsan	*A Ford at Salies.*
	Decamps (A.)	*Interior of Saint-Gervais Church.*
	Delachaux	*Pauline and Isabella.*
	Desmarest	*Return from Iceland.*
	Didier-Pouget	*The Flowery Heather.*
	Eliot (M.)	*The Route at Agay.*
	Estienne (H. d')	*Grandmother's Portrait.*
	Etcheverry	*Ariege and Breton Nurses.*
	Ferry (J. J.)	*Through the Bushes.*
	Gandara (A. de la)	*Portrait of Mademoiselle Henry Fouquier.*
	Guillemet	*On the Border of the Loing at Moret.*
	Guy (H.)	*Prayer.*
	Havet (H.)	*Ruins of the Temple of Venus.*
	Henner	*Portrait.*
	Hoffbauer (C.)	*Vagabonds.*
	Jobert (P.)	*In the Mist at Honfleur.*
	Jolyet (P.)	*Dog and Cat.*
	Joncières (de)	*The Tzigane's Castle.*
	Laronze (J.)	*A Calm in the Charolais.*
	La Touche	*Souvenirs of Versailles.*
	Laurens (A.)	*Venus Welcomed by the Horæ.*
	Le Gout-Gérard	*Concarneau in dull weather.*
	Lepeltier (L.)	*Interior of Saint-Sulpice Church.*
	Le Roux (C.)	*A Story.*
	Martin (H.)	*Serenity.*

Ménard (R.)	*In Antique Land (Agrigentum).*
Mercié (A.)	*Love's Anger.*
Morlot (A.)	*Moonlight.*
Moteley (G.)	*An Autumn Morning at Clécy.*
Perrandeau (C.)	*A Bargeman.*
Perret (A.)	*The Angelus Hour.*
Picard (L.)	*A Passing Woman.*
Rachon (H.)	*The Cloister.*
Ravanne (L. G.)	*Setting Sail.*
Réalier-Dumas	*The Jonchère Slope.*
Renard-Brault	*Yvonne's Destiny.*
Royer (H.)	*Saying Grace.*
Rozier (D.)	*A Poultry Dealer.*
Saint-Germier	*A Burial at Venice.*
Scott (G.)	*Old Folks (Finistère).*
Tronchet	*Water-Colours.*
Troncy	*A Sables-d'Olonne Girl.*
Villedieu (Mlle)	*Suzette.*
Zuber	*The Rose-Marble Steps at Versailles.*
Zuloaga	*Portraits.*

SCULPTURE.

MM. Bloche (R.)	*A Child*, bronze group.
Boisseau	*Diogenes*, marble statue.
Boucher (J.)	*Evening*, marble group.
Bouteillier	*Fugitives in Distress*, plaster group.
Breton (P.)	*Salammbô*, plaster statue.
Cazin (Mme)	*Young Girls*, bronze.
Champeil	*The Exiled Muse*, plaster high-relief.
Charpentier	*After the Storm*, stone group.
Cordonnier	*Inoculation*, marble group.
Derré	*Capital of Kisses*, plaster (model of a column).
Faivre	*Bacchus's Childhood*, bronze groupe.
Guilloux (A.)	*Eve Recovering Abel's Body*, plaster statue.
Guitet	*Narcissus*, marble statue.
Hannaux	*Sleeping Flowers*, marble statue.
Itasse (Mlle)	*Bacchante*, marble statue.
Lancelot-Croce (Mme)	*A Necklace of Medals (Celebrated Women of France).*
Larche	*Violets*, marble group.
Lerche	*Silenus*, bronze bust.
Moreau-Vauthier	*Breton Woman*, plaster statue.
Moria (Mlle)	*Towards the Infinite*, plaster low-relief.
Mulot	*Leda*, stone group.
Perron	*Roguishness*, marble statue.
Peyrol	*Preparations for a Feast*, marble group.
Villeneuve	*Marsyas*, plaster statue.

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